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COUNTRY LIFE

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BARLEY!

LET us hasten to say that the exclamation "Barley!" has nothing to do with the grain of that name. It was an old term in Border warfare and signified that he who uttered it claimed a breathing space. Occasionally, when the effusion of blood had been extreme, both combatants called "Barley!" at the same moment. It differed from "Mercy!" or "I cry you mercy!" which meant the surrender of the individual or of his side, while "Barley!" only signified that the breathing space allowed by the rough chivalry of the Border was asked for. It seems, therefore, an appropriate expression for the attitude of Mr. George Barnes and Sir Robert Hadfield in the combat between Capital and Labour. Both have realised, and are intent on making the country realise, the wastefulness of strikes. Mr. Barnes reckons that in the five years that followed the war, no fewer than 200,000,000 working days were lost through strikes and lock-outs. There is no need to enlarge on the dreadful meaning of this to the country at a time when all energy should have been bent on the work of reconstruction. This is no news to impartial onlookers, who long have realised the wastefulness of this method of settling disputes between employer and employed. Sir Robert Hadfield has come to the same conclusion and set forth the grounds for his alarm in a very powerful contribution to the *Times* newspaper. He says that in 1921, which may be justly called the Black Year, 85,000,000 working days were lost through strike troubles, the coal strike of that year alone causing a loss of 73,000,000 working days and £35,000,000 in wages. He presents a diagram to show that no fewer than 315,000,000 working days were lost to industry between 1900 and 1923.

Let us glance at the remedies proposed respectively by Mr. Barnes and Sir Robert Hadfield. The former puts his faith largely in "Whitleyism" and an enlargement of the powers and operations of the industrial court. No one is likely to differ greatly from him in this, but the chief difficulty lies in imparting to the Industrial Court the authority that would make its decision final. It must be so constituted that both parties to the internecine quarrel should have a feeling of confidence that its decisions were completely impartial in character and founded upon knowledge of all the available data. In that direction might be found a solution, if the labour organisations could be induced to agree to the findings of the court.

Sir Robert Hadfield proceeds very much on the same lines, although, naturally, he does not look at the problem exactly from the same angle as Mr. George Barnes. He would apparently go back to the suggestion made by Sir Charles Wakefield when he was Lord Mayor of London—that by one means or another a five years' industrial truce should be brought about. If that had been done directly after the war, and if both parties had been loyal to it, a great many of the difficulties now confronting us would have been surmounted. Sir Robert seems inclined to revive this proposal. He refers to Mr. Arthur Neal, formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and a man with much experience in dealing with labour, who suggests that the problem might well be investigated by a conference composed of leading representatives of the Federation of British Industries and the Association of Chambers of Commerce on the one hand, and of the Trades Union Congress on the other. Mr. Neal does not propose to attempt the stabilisation of present conditions, for the simple reason that neither side is likely to agree to it, but he suggests that "Some impartial authority, such as the Industrial Court, or, as that is a statutory body, some new body specially constituted, might be given power to arbitrate with the whole force and sanction of both sides behind its decisions, or, failing this, to take such steps as would bring about an understanding acceptable to both sides." The advantages are very apparent, but the preliminary difficulty is to awaken in the public mind a sense of the threat of catastrophe. Public opinion is the only force that can possibly bring about that recognition of the new body to which Sir Robert refers, and that would make its machinery act. It is the inert shortsightedness of the public which always proves the drag when the country has to face a fearful crisis. To-day we have to deal with the same public as that which refused in the slightest degree to become excited over the warnings that Lord Roberts gave of the immediate threat of the German War. People read of such things, but they go out into the streets and see life going on very much as usual, quite heedless of the dangers that perturb thinking men of all shades of opinion and never awake to the danger of the catastrophe till it is upon them. We can but hope that when a Labour leader such as Mr. George Barnes, who has had an almost unparalleled experience in these problems, lifts up his voice to declare that ruin is inevitable unless measures to prevent it are promptly taken, his words will have the effect of rousing the people to a sense of the immensity of the threat that is spreading like a dark cloud over them. At some preliminary meeting the main principle of the work should be set forth in a manner that will commend itself to all sides. The first is that work shall go on. This is necessary in the first place to the revival of commercial prosperity, and, in the second, it is a crying injustice that the general public, both those who agree with the strikers and those who do not, should suffer indiscriminately. The third essential is also the most difficult to formulate. It is that the tribunal, or whatever the body is called, shall be satisfactory to both sides, as being composed of men of high principles, honourable standing in the business world and lovers of impartial justice. It should not be difficult and certainly not impossible to create a body with these qualifications.

*** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

Gen.
Faxton

Oct. 4th, 1924.

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COUNTRY NOTES

THE frontispiece of this week's COUNTRY LIFE is a portrait of one who is regarded with respect and affection by golfers all over the world—the illustrious John Henry Taylor. It seems almost a pity that he is not depicted in the cap which he pulls down over his eyes with so characteristic and combative an air. Only last week we commented on the fact that at the age of fifty-three he had just beaten all the young giants of the golfing world with a wonderful score of 68, and his heroic fight for this year's Open Championship, is still fresh in the memory. In all the history of all games there never has been a greater or gamier fighter, and the strength and determination which have made him conquer a temperament by no means placid or unemotional are written in his face. J. H. Taylor is a remarkable man. Because he was born at Westward Ho! and has a genius for hitting a ball, fate made him a golf professional and the acknowledged leader and spokesman of his profession. Had his lines been cast in other places, it is safe to say that he would have made a name for himself, whatever walk of life he had chosen. There is in his composition something of the orator, of the statesman, and of the poet, and he is, moreover, if ever there was one, a man of character. His favourite reading is Boswell, and, as hinted in his photograph, he can on occasions wear a gravity of demeanour worthy of the great Doctor himself.

AN important figure has passed out of politics and country life in the person of Viscount Long, better known as Walter Long. He was, in his day, a living specimen of the country gentleman who used to take a greater part in politics than he has been doing recently. In himself he epitomised most of the good qualities of the class to which he belonged. He was one who inspired confidence in every company, and he did not lack the love of life, the jollity of the fox-hunter and other good sportsmen. It is rather curious that one of his strongest titles to fame is his famous dog-muzzling policy. Naturally, the number of those who remember the prevalence of hydrophobia and had often heard the alarm "Mad dog!" and often seen the unfortunate animal worrying and biting madly at every living thing that came in his way, be it man or dumb animal, is becoming fewer. Long's will-power and Pasteur's learning vanquished hydrophobia. The President of the Board of Agriculture, as he was then, had a very stiff fight, but once having got the clue to the right policy, he followed it out with the greatest tenacity and determination, with the result that the occasional sight of a mad dog has disappeared from the incidents of country life. His conduct of the affair gives an important clue to his character. He was besieged by dog-lovers of one kind and another and appealed to on the grounds of humanity, but he held on his way and the end justified the course. So it happened in other matters of policy. He could always be depended upon as a steadfast, faithful supporter of his leaders. At the time of Mr. Balfour's retirement, there was a strong

feeling to appoint him to the leadership of the Conservative Party. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was set up as a rival, and it was creditable to both that they sank their own claims and joined in the election of Mr. Bonar Law.

THE COUNTESS OF HARROWBY has, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, shown how, in spite of the coldness of the present Government to the outlying parts of the Empire, the individual consumer may help to draw them nearer. Lady Harrowby thinks that housewives would be doing Imperial service if they showed a preference for Imperial as against foreign products. Many of them are content to buy, it may be unwittingly, Danish as against New Zealand butter, Argentine meat instead of New Zealand and Australian, Levantine dried fruits in the place of Australian and South African, Norwegian as against Canadian salmon, Californian bottled fruits instead of South African and Australian, Canary Island bananas rather than West Indian, and so on. The change suggested would be a means of education alike to purchaser and retailer "as is exemplified in the British Empire Exhibition." Her argument supplies a good reason for opening the Exhibition again next year.

MR. NOEL BUXTON'S belief in the future of agriculture seems to have been refreshed and strengthened by his tour in Wales, where he noticed that co-operation was carried out on a scale as extensive as in Denmark, and Mr. Buxton pins his faith largely to co-operation. He says that the farmer's outlook is now more cheerful than at any time since 1921; but that will appear to many farmers a very optimistic view, considering the fact that what promised to be at one time the finest harvest ever reaped, has, to a large extent, been ruined by the incessant rains of September. On the other hand, those engaged in farming have had an inflow of confidence, as is shown by the readiness of tenants to purchase their holdings and the very few farms that are to let. The reason may well be that the farmer has been for the last two or three years greatly widening the area of his activities. He does not depend so much on cereal crops as he did, and seems to have found that poultry keeping, pig farming and similar branches of the industry pay better than crops, which he used to grow mechanically.

THE POSTMAN.

There at the door the postman stands,
And holds my heart between his hands,
Or takes my future, neatly tied,
From the stout bag slung at his side.
Oh, brings he sorrow or relief?
(God be between me and my grief!)
"Good day!" he says, nor does he see
How bad a day he's brought to me.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE repair and maintenance of old cottages forms an important part of the report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The First Commissioner of Works, in March last, decided to take over a number of old cottages of real archaeological interest, though not necessarily richly decorated, on the same terms as larger buildings are taken over, by which the occupant remains undisturbed but forfeits certain rights. The Society was asked to give the names of any it considered suitable. This example by the Office of Works, taken in connection with its great building schemes, is most laudable, for it gives recognition to a principle that we have for long advocated: that old cottages which, through neglect, have become "unfit for habitation," can, with no great expense, be perfectly adapted to modern requirements and pay a far more economic rent than new ones. In innumerable cases, of course, this has been done, and a corner of England has thus been unobtrusively preserved in its native aspect. But, just as frequently, well meaning property owners, whether individuals or local authorities, destroy old cottages of great extrinsic worth simply because they do not know how easily and cheaply they could be restored. The S.P.A.B. and the National Trust have themselves bought and restored and let several groups of cottages. Three cottages at

Eashing Bridge, for instance, were bought for £500; £160 was spent on repairs and they bring in now some £45 per annum. Four cottages in Godalming cost £670, including repairs, and now bring in 6 per cent. A Cottage Restoration Society run on the lines of a building society would not only prove a sound investment, but would be, as the Office of Works have recognised by their action, of very great service to the amenities of the country.

IT was characteristic of the discipline and precision of the British fleet that the squadron which sailed under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Field closed a voyage round the world on Sunday night on the day and hour scheduled for them at departing. They have been away for 307 days, have visited fifty of our great Colonial ports and returned, after the longest cruise recorded, in prompt time and perfect order. The voyage, as its commander impressed upon the audiences he addressed at the various ports, is an object lesson to the world. It shows that a fleet has no frontiers. It can go straight to any part of the world where it is wanted, and when it can be depended upon to do this exactly according to schedule its power can scarcely be exaggerated. All those Overseas Dominions which gave the squadron a welcome received a lesson that must have comforted them. We know that, in spite of the peace talk, wars on a considerable scale are going on in the world and that the Dominions of the King might be involved at any minute in them. They have, however, had a demonstration to show that British power is swift and efficient. The distant colonies are under no make-believe protection.

WHEN the New Zealanders were here nineteen years ago they won thirty-two matches and lost one. That one was at Cardiff, where Wales beat them by the margin of that single try that numbered Dr. "Teddy" Morgan among the immortals of Rugby football. This year's team may, therefore, have gone to Wales with a desire for revenge in their hearts. If so, it must have been amply satisfied at Swansea on Saturday. In 1905 Gallaher's team beat Swansea by a dropped goal and a try. On Saturday the New Zealanders won by thirty-nine points to three. But the Swansea of this year is not the Swansea of "Dicky" Owen and Trew and such great men as these. For the last few years the Welsh International sides have fallen off lamentably, but the club sides, mainly by virtue of their forwards, have still held their heads high. Now that one of the best club sides has gone down with so resounding a crash, the downfall of Welsh football seems for the moment complete. With such great traditions, it may be hoped that it will soon rise again. Meanwhile, the New Zealanders have given further and more convincing proof that they are formidable adversaries, and that, when once their forwards have gained the upper hand, their backs can score plenty of tries.

WHETHER Ladkin won by a nose or a nod, his victory has not robbed the French horse Epinard of his fame. He was, indeed, in M. Wertheimer's words, "within one stride of victory," and, in the opinion of the best judges, it is said that Ladkin could not have staggered another twenty-five yards further, while Epinard was nearly as fresh as when he broke away from the barriers. It is curious to notice that the Americans have taken the same fancy for Epinard that British sportsmen took when they first saw him in this country. He cannot claim to be an unbeaten horse like some of the equine heroes of a century or two ago, but he has secured for himself a place among the great horses of history.

GREAT as the brotherhood of wireless experts must be, the army of ignoramuses is infinitely greater. We confess ourselves of the latter party. But in search of knowledge we mixed one night with the crowd at the Albert Hall, and soon began to share its enthusiasm. For the amazing production represented by this exhibition is the work of less than two years, is all British, and is controlled for the benefit of trade and public alike by a young but very energetic organisation. Moreover, we left in the certainty that one or two enterprising firms

have perfected an apparatus which even we shall be able to use. We found one or two sets, notably the Rees Mace set and the National Mark 3 set (and very probably there are others not exhibited) which work without any aërials, earths or attachments of any kind, and yet with a range of any length required. The sets are the size of a dispatch case, can be put anywhere in a room, and be played like a gramophone.

LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD revives a useful old word in his foreword to Mr. George Barnes' book on "Industrial Conflict." The word is "breed-bates," and the passage in which it occurs is: "The truth is that apart from breed-bates—whose influence is often exaggerated—it ought not to be insuperably difficult to convince employers and employed that their interests are common and not diverse." The word is explained in the Oxford Dictionary as "one who breeds 'bate,' or excites strife; a mischief-maker." It is used by Shakespeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and, at an earlier date, in "Tell-trothe's New Year Gift"—"He delights not in breed-bates." It is a very useful word and might easily come into common usage if Lord Cecil's example is followed.

THE RETURN.

(Sunday, September 28th.)

Out of the sea mists, as we saw them go
Ten months ago,
Our grim, slim, sea-grey cruisers creep once more
Against the shore.

South, by the long sea road our fathers kept,
And East, they swept;
And South again: to find in every place
A seaman race:

To break the waters of the Western deep,
Where Drake's asleep;
And down the haunted shores of Coronel
To sound "all's well."

K. C. G.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in the wonders of Africa—and who has ever failed to be interested since they were first heard of in ancient literature?—will be delighted to read the first-hand experience of them described by Captain W. D. M. Bell in his article, "A Day with the Pygmies." From his meeting with the first little example of the tribe who, like some arboreal wild thing, escaped up a tree and refused to come down till rough weather bristled up his courage, till his parting from them after they had become his very good friends, the whole story is a revelation of the wonders that may still be come across in the forests of Africa. It must have been difficult to begin intercourse with them, as Captain Bell had no interpreter except a Bushman who knew a mere handful of words of the Pygmy language. But he has the gift of making friends, and after considerable reluctance they went off to the little leaf bivouacs where they kept their weapons, picked up their bows and arrows and were ready for the chase.

WE have not anything like sufficient space to do justice to the career of Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who died in a nursing home after an operation on Monday. His greatest work was, undoubtedly, the editing of a new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and it is high praise to say that he equalled in that capacity any of his distinguished predecessors. He began journalism as assistant editor to Sir, then Mr., Sidney Low, who had succeeded Frederick Greenwood as editor of the *St. James's Gazette*. Thence he passed as leader writer to *The Standard*, and by that and other work, gradually won the reputation of being a journalist of unusual ability, and one who wielded a great influence.

WHAT a find is that of the *Cornhill Magazine* in a number of letters by W. E. Gladstone while he was still a youth and his convictions were in the making! Macaulay has made us all familiar with the fact that he was then the hope of the stern and unbending Tories, but those

who only know what Gladstone was in his later days will be surprised to read his description of the "half-veiled radicalism of its" (that is, the House of Commons) "prevailing temper." In a footnote to a letter written in August, 1835, we have an extract from a letter from O'Connell to Raphael, who had been unseated: "Tell me in the strictest confidence, whether you have a wish to be a *baronet*." Traffic in titles is evidently not so new to-day as some people think! In the letters, which are written to Owen Blayney Cole, Gladstone sometimes breaks out into verse, and many will like "My Grey Mare":

Gentle, graceful mare, I know thee
Swift as wind and true as steel.

But his dread of Republicanism is, perhaps, the most surprising of all the views of the young statesman. During the illness of King William, he expresses some solicitude lest the young princess, who was to be Queen Victoria, should turn out a young Republican; and how he heaps his condemnation on poor Miss Martineau and her book on American society: "As the work of a woman, the book (at a cursory glance) appears horrible; as the production of an *agre* or a *goole* (*sic*) perfectly natural and in keeping." These intimate letters are very human, inasmuch as they show that the remarkable statesman of future years was, in his youth, just what other youths are.

THE GANNETS OF GRASSHOLM

THE gannet colony on the island of Grassholm is not, like that on the Bass Rock and some other gannetries, of known antiquity; nevertheless, it now appears to be thoroughly well established, and, since Lundy has been virtually deserted for a considerable number of years, it is now the only colony in England and Wales.

Lundy is, of course, the oldest known gannet breeding-place, there being a record of the birds there in 1274.

Very little, however, appears to be known concerning the establishment of the colony on Grassholm; it is generally supposed to have been an offshoot from Lundy, the earliest date mentioned being 1820, and that on inconclusive evidence. No recent records seem to have been made, so an invitation to join a party making an expedition to the west coast of Pembrokeshire, with Grassholm as the main objective, was an opportunity not to be missed, and was gratefully accepted by the writer.

Grassholm, by virtue of its position, some fifteen miles off the west Pembrokeshire coast, its insignificant size (some

22 acres only), and its comparative inaccessibility, has no place in history; it has apparently never been inhabited, and I believe the earliest mention of it appears about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Landing on the island was, we were told, difficult, there being only two landing places, and these very awkward, if not impossible, except in perfectly calm weather.

No power boats were available, so we had perforce to rely on sail: a very uncertain state of things, as the weather was quite unreliable—stormy weather during our first few days causing such a heavy swell even when the weather became finer that we were told landing on Grassholm was quite out of the question, much to our disappointment. We were beginning to fear that we should fail, as others had done before us, to make a landing. However, on our fourth day, about ten p.m., our pilots presented themselves and expressed the opinion that we might try a night trip; and to make the most of the tide, if we decided to make the attempt, we were to start at 1 a.m. Not wishing to run the risk of missing any possible chance, having nearly reached



FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE COLONY.

the fifth day of our all too short stay, the answer was promptly affirmative, so after a hasty meal and preparation of gear, photographic and otherwise, shortly after midnight we wended our way down to the creek where the boat was moored.

The cliff path, familiar enough by day, presented a decidedly different appearance by night, but after a few minor adventures our little party was safely on board. The skipper by this time was looking anxiously at the weather, as the wind was freshening considerably and from the wrong direction; however, we got out into the bay, but were again doomed to disappointment, for after an uncomfortable couple of hours spent beating about in the bay we were forced to put back, and a little later a very dispirited party wandered up the side of the creek—the tide having fallen sufficiently to permit this—as it was still darker than before and the cliff path not too safe.

However, the morning dawned bright and clear, with a fair breeze, so a second start was arranged for 10.30 a.m. This

tangle of coarse grass and thrift, not a bush of any kind, and no water save a foul, slimy ooze on the western side, which lies stagnant among the gannets' nests on the top of the slope to the cliff, and adds its quota to the almost overpowering combination of odours which, warmed up by the afternoon sun, drifted over us in the slight breeze, as at long last we jumped ashore on to the rocks, as the swell lifted the boat, and scrambled up, laden with our cameras and other impedimenta, on to the grass-covered slope.

So far we had seen comparatively few gannets—perhaps a couple of hundred were visible circling round and flying away to or returning from their fishing grounds—but on every ledge or cranny on the low cliffs were razorbills and guillemots, with kittiwakes on their nests below them; while a few oyster-catchers added their shrill piping notes to the deep call of the greater blackback and the clamour of the herring gulls. Strangely enough, there were hardly any puffins: thirty years ago they were there in their hundreds of thousands, and we had heard they were believed to be decreasing, but to-day they can be counted easily by tens.

After partaking of a somewhat hurried meal and a brief rest, for we were all eager to get across to the gannets, we moved over to the opposite side of the island, and here a surprise awaited us. The last reports of the status of the gannets on Grassholm had been at most 300 pairs, and, though this estimate was made ten years before, no larger figure had ever been given in the history of the colony; in fact, the number had usually been considered smaller, so we were not prepared for the rather astonishing sight which was before us when we reached the highest point and looked down on to the western side of the island.

Along the rocky slope, extending as far as one could see towards the north, was a gleaming mass of gannets showing vividly white in the brilliant sun against the background of deep green sea and the black volcanic rock on which the nests were. Along the sloping cliff top they were fifty deep, nests as close together as possible, and on the rocks and cliffs every ledge was filled to its utmost capacity.

We estimated at the time that there must have been at least four times more birds there than have ever been recorded before; but a careful count made on photographs taken expressly for the purpose reveals the fact that this estimate erred very much on the low side, and, calculating very conservatively, on the basis of these photographs, there must be actually well over 1,800 pairs.

Could an accurate census of the gannet population be taken, I am of opinion that in all probability the result would be a number in excess of four thousand adult birds.

As we approached the fringe of the colony, a few birds, possibly two-thirds of those in our immediate vicinity, took wing, buffeting their bolder neighbours severely as they flapped awkwardly along, endeavouring to rise; but they soon settled down to acceptance of our presence and commenced to return, landing as awkwardly as they left, and distributing blows with their wings right and left on already sitting birds, some of which gave vicious pecks in return.

The majority of the nests contained young, in all stages of development, from new-hatched, dark slaty grey nakedness to the wonderfully snow white downy stage, a very few showing some dark feathers just appearing.

It is rather marvellous how wonderfully clean these young birds keep themselves, sitting as they do on a pile of half rotting seaweed surrounded in many cases by black slimy water, but they are all a perfect snowy white.

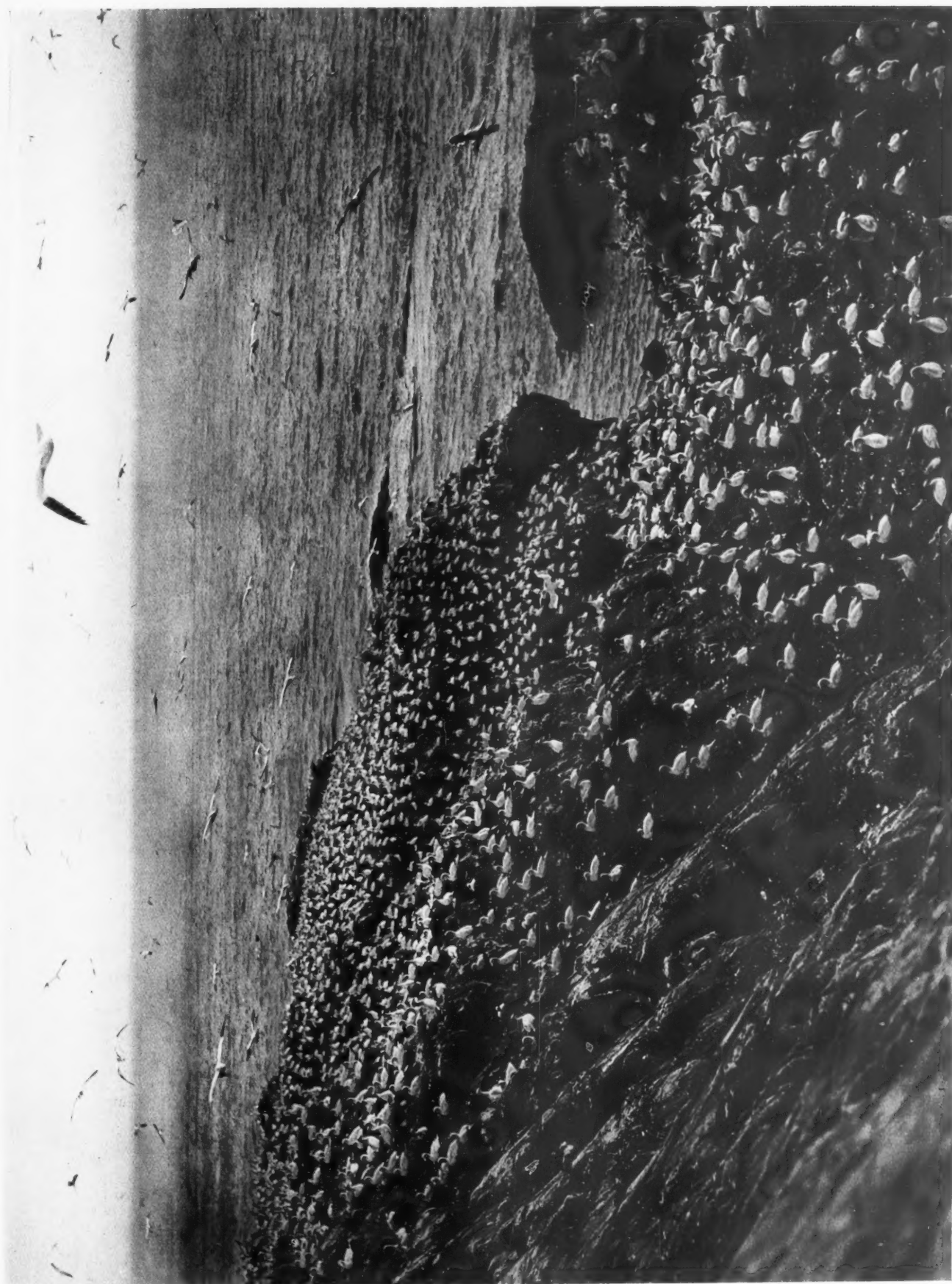


AT CLOSE QUARTERS: A NEWLY HATCHED NESTLING.

time things looked much more promising, and for an hour or so our luck seemed to have turned. But it was not to be; the breeze began to die away, and after we had helped it with the oars for a couple of miles it failed altogether, leaving us still about ten miles from our destination.

It was a long pull. For hours the little spot on the horizon appeared just as far off as ever, but at length we began to feel the effect of the ebb, and eventually we were pulling through little parties of guillemots and razorbills, with occasionally a few puffins, and gannets on the outward journey to their fishing grounds were wheeling round overhead, while others appeared flying home, some obviously carrying fish and others trailing pieces of seaweed.

Grassholm is an inhospitable island, both in appearance and fact; the black hard rock, surmounted by a few feet of earth honeycombed by old burrows of puffins, supports only a



THE GANNET COLONY FROM THE NORTH END.

We noticed a small proportion of eggs; so did the gulls, of which there were quite a number hanging about on the edge of the colony, evidently waiting for anything they could snatch up; but they apparently took only fresh ones—at any rate, the few empty eggshells we saw were clean, and the dark brown-stained, incubated eggs in the nests were left severely alone.

I think they robbed the gannets of fish also; there were one or more in varying stages of decomposition on almost every nest. The clamour was tremendous, the deep-throated "urruh, urruh" of the adult gannets and the squeaking, groaning and grunting—no other description fits it—of the young birds mingled with the higher-pitched calls of the gulls to make an almost indescribable Babel, to which the ceaseless swishing of wings must be added, while the incessant whirling movement of the hundreds of these great birds, dazzling white against the deep blue sky, some mere specks in the distance and others flashing by within a few yards of one's head, was a sight which literally tired the eyes to watch.

Much as we should have liked to spend an infinitely longer time studying the gannets at such close quarters and under such favourable conditions, we had been so long on our outward

voyage that time was now getting short, and we were warned by our navigators that we must be on board in half an hour; so, hurriedly skirting along the inner edge of the nesting area, we reached the rather higher rocks at the north-west corner of the island.

From here probably the most extensive view of the gannetry is obtainable, rather more than half of the colony can be seen from this point, and, though the photograph does not adequately convey the feeling of comparative immensity which so appealed to us at the time—the birds look so dwarfed—yet it, at any rate, gives some idea of the numbers.

Time and tide wait for no man; nevertheless, some of us managed to extend our allotted final half-hour to the extent of another, causing, I am afraid, our worthy skipper some anxiety, and indeed it meant an exciting few minutes for us laggards as we took our turn and opportunity to jump for the boat.

However, we managed it without mishap and were soon running, with a fair breeze astern, for the mainland. We had many regrets that our visit had necessarily to be so brief, but we took with us an unforgettable memory of this wonderful and unique little Welsh islet. H. MORREY SALMON.

BOBBY JONES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHEN I was wondering last week what I should write about this week, the American Championship, then just beginning, came naturally to my mind and I hoped that some considerable part of my article would be about our own players—if not about the victory of one of them, at least about the fight they had made. That hope is grievously disappointed. Seven of them, including the one, Mr. Tolley, who at his best might conceivably have won, failed to get through the qualifying rounds. Of the three who upheld our credit, only one, Mr. Hope, survived the first round, and he fell heavily in the second.

This American Championship, however, was very far from losing all interest for us when our own men were knocked out. Personally, I opened my breakfast newspaper each morning with a delicious and ever-increasing thrill to see how Mr. Bobby Jones was getting on, and when I finally saw on Sunday morning that he had won, I came near to throwing my boiled egg in the air in the excitement of the moment and murmured, "At last." Mr. Jones is so great a player, though still such a young one, that this triumph has seemed very long deferred, and the times seemed a little out of joint when unquestionably the finest amateur golfer in the world had never won the amateur championship of his own country.

I suppose it must have happened to many people when at school to miss some coveted cap or colour and to be consoled by well meaning friends with the words "Never mind. You've lots of time. You'll get it next year." What they said was quite true, and probably we did get it next year, but at the moment we should like to have killed that comforter, for it was a cruel moment and next year seemed an impossibly long way off. Mr. Bobby Jones, the books tell us, was born in 1901, and so is only twenty-three, but for the last five or six years people have been saying that he had lots of time and was sure to win next year, and he must have been getting rather tired of it. His consistently fine play in the Open Championship and his victory in it last year must only have made the Amateur Championship seem a more hopelessly elusive will-o'-the-wisp than ever.

Other great players have had to wait longer, a good deal longer, than has this infant phenomenon. There is some resemblance between his career and Mr. Hilton's. Mr. Jones reached the final of the American Amateur Championship in 1919, but three years before that he had made a beginning. It was in the middle of the war, when we were not thinking much about golf, that we read of a wonderful little boy of fifteen who had gone round stolidly chewing gum, had got into the last eight and then had only succumbed to Mr. Gardner at the thirty-third hole. In 1917 and 1918 there was no American Championship owing to the war, but in 1919, as I said, at the mature age of eighteen, he reached the final. Most people expected him to win then, but he was beaten by Mr. Davison Herron, and he has had to wait five more years before the inevitable victory came. Mr. Hilton was twenty-two when he first reached the final of our Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, and was

beaten by Mr. Laidlay at the twentieth hole after seeming to have the match won at the nineteenth. He was in the final again the next year at Sandwich and lost to Mr. Ball. In that same year, 1892, he won the Open Championship at Muirfield; he won it again at Hoylake in 1897, but it was not till 1900 at Sandwich, when he had crossed the line of the thirties, that he was Amateur Champion for the first time. I do not imagine he had thought in 1891 that he would have to wait nine years, neither probably did the small Bobby of 1916 think he would have to wait for eight. I remember very well a little scene in the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1898 when Mr. Hilton, then Open Champion, was very badly beaten by Mr. Freddie Tait. As he was walking back to the clubhouse, a presumably well meaning but certainly not tactful friend came up and said to him, "Well, I don't think you really ever will win this thing." Everything comes, I suppose, to him who waits, but the waiting must sometimes be rather bitter.

The most eloquent evidence of Mr. Jones' quality as a golfer is supplied by one short piece of statistics. This is his record in the American Open Championship since the war. He has only won it once, but the total of his scores is seventeen strokes lower than that of the next best man. That next man is Hagen, who has won our Open Championship twice in the last three years and lost it by a single stroke in the other year. And at the end of it all Mr. Jones is only twenty-three!

Mr. Tolley in his book makes an ingenious suggestion as to the cause of Mr. Jones' comparative lack of success in match play. "He is gifted," he says, "with one very unfortunate peculiarity. That is, he generally makes his opponent play better than he has ever played before. His style is so true, his rhythm so perfect, that instinctively his opponent is influenced by the wonderfully smooth working of each stroke." Perhaps we who were in America in 1922 saw an example of this rhythmic influence when we watched the match in the Championship at Brookline between Mr. Jones and Mr. Sweetser. Certainly something inspired Mr. Sweetser to play the game of a lifetime. Mr. Jones did the first nine holes in 39, which was admittedly not very good on the day, but it seemed a somewhat drastic punishment for such a score to be six down at the turn. Coming home Mr. Jones was either one or two—I am nearly sure it was two—under par, and his reward was the getting back of one hole out of those six. Mr. Sweetser went on playing just as faultlessly and brilliantly in the afternoon, and won a long way from home. Well he might! human flesh and blood could not stand up against it.

Whether or not Mr. Jones' style has this—for him—unfortunate propensity, there is no doubt that it is a perfect model, and it is no small thing for the golfing youth of America to have such a player to imitate. There is, in that beautiful rhythm, something reminiscent of Mr. John Ball. Both impress one as swingers rather than hitters, and both fill one at once with an artistic ecstasy and a despairing feeling that one may as well burn one's clubs and give up a game at which one cuts so ungainly and loutish a figure.

A DAY WITH THE PYGMIES

BY CAPTAIN W. D. M. BELL.

FOR many years I had wished to meet those strange little hunting people called pygmies. Their mode of life appealed enormously to me and I thought that if I could come to be friends with them that they would certainly be able to put me on to good elephant haunts. The pursuit of my calling took me into the huge forest belt lying between the Ubangui and Sangha rivers. I enquired diligently about the small forest folk in each riverine village, without much success. All the information I got was that no man knew where they lived, that they had no villages, no plantations; in fact, none of the customs and habits of normal people. My informants, quite normal people, said that they came only at night to barter. They would leave whatever they had, such as honey or meat, a short way out of the village and then depart. On the morrow whoever wanted the goods would leave in their place such grain or other equivalent as custom had established, when on the following night the shy little trader would remove it.

So timid were they supposed to be that the villagers said it would be quite useless to try to find them. It was out of the question for a white man to get in touch with them. They warned me that if I tried to do so it would result in the pygmies clearing out altogether. As there were hundreds of miles of unknown forest at their backs, this would not have been very difficult.

I thought that if I could only manage to kill some big meat they might come to it. With this in my mind I took to the forest with a modest little tent and gear.

Towards camping time in the afternoon as we travelled through the gloomy cool and damp forest we halted beside a large calabash on the ground. The thought immediately was that the owner must be a pygmy. Where was he? I and my boys began to look about for him on the ground, but our guide, a riverine native, looked up in the trees. Soon he spotted the owner of the calabash high up in the branches of a tree, from which depended a large creeper stem.

Our guide began to talk to him in the riverine language, a little of which was known to the bushman. Our object in coming was explained and the little man invited to come down. This he flatly refused to do.

Knowing that if we failed to come to a friendly understanding with this, our first pygmy, and that if we left him without coming to such an understanding we should probably never see one again, we decided to wait until he came down. Water was, fortunately, handy, so we made our camp under the little man's tree, which was luckily so isolated that he could not reach any of the other trees in the vicinity. A monkey might have, but certainly no man, not even a pygmy.

Night soon fell, and our prospective friend saw that he must either come down or continue to sit up there all night. Rain finally persuaded him that it would be much more comfortable by a fireside, and he descended.

Seeing no soldiers and no arms other than my rifle, he soon became friendly. His calabash, full of honey, was restored to him intact, and he was given a share of some native beer we had with us from the river village. This, I think, completed our conquest, although it was with anxiety I regarded the coming night. I thought he would clear as soon as we were all asleep, and yet I did not wish to guard him in any way. Trusting to luck we slept.

Waking just before dawn—a habit one soon acquires in the bush—the first thing I asked was whether the pygmy was still with us. The answer came, he had gone. But on looking round I saw the calabash still there. And as I was pointing this out we saw him coming back to camp. I was relieved.

It was explained to him that we wished to be taken to his camp and that then we would hunt together. He was a very silent little man and had the most expressionless face I have ever seen in Africa, a land of expressionless faces. But he gave a sort of grunt which might have meant anything. We chose to interpret it as ascent.

After packing our gear we followed him. He led straight on through the forest. When I say he went straight, I mean that I suppose he went straight, for I had no way of telling this. The sun cast no shadows, and was, indeed, invisible



THE LITTLE MAN SEEMED READY TO TAKE A HAND.

through the heavy foliage overhead. I noticed that he took a fleeting interest in certain holes in the ground, but why and for what he was searching I could not learn. Here was a being living in another world. Although I knew a fair bit about the open bush country, I was quite at sea in this primeval forest. All that was obvious to me was that I would require to fit a large-headed foresight to my rifle on account of the poor light. For forest shooting I came to find that wart-hog ivory was much more brilliant than elephant ivory, besides which it does not go yellow so quickly. A wart-hog tusk that has been lying bleaching for some time in open country is most excellent for foresights. A set of small files of different shapes is all that is required to work up the material. How I wished I could talk to that fellow. What things he could have told me about the game



THE PYGMY VILLAGE.

animals of these forests. Things impossible for a white man ever to learn. And about his people: why they are as black as any other natives without ever running much risk of getting sun-tanned as far as I could see.

Presently we were halted by our guide. He explained that we must wait here. He went on by himself. In a short time he returned and we followed him to his camp, consisting of three or four very shabby, poorly made and extremely small huts or shelters, composed of branches and large leaves. There were a couple of women and some children about it. They had evidently been efficiently warned by our new friend, for they showed hardly any surprise at seeing a white man in their midst. Our modest little camp was prepared close to theirs and life went on much as usual. While waiting for the men of the village to come I fixed up a larger ivory bead foresight to my rifle.

A white man's hunting kit in the tropics is a scanty enough affair, comprising felt hat, neutral coloured shirt, shorts, socks and boots; and one would think that there was little room for anything to go wrong. But there is. With all our ingenuity, experience and command of different materials we cannot yet produce a boot which is always satisfactory. The English shooting boot of stout leather will kill you in a fortnight. It is too heavy by several pounds when wet. When dry it is still too heavy and also too stiff. It will produce galls and rubs when filled with sand. It is noisy and makes you feel clumsy-footed. Football boots are light, do not slip, but do not last any time and give you the most dreadful rubs not only on the heel and ankle but on the sole also. Crêpe rubber soles with light leather uppers are silent but heavy, easily become too large, squelch when filled with water unless pierced along just above the sole, when, of course, sand and grit enter. Canvas tops with rope soles do not last, but are light to carry, silent, let out water as easily as they let it in, keep out grit, do not slip often and are, I think, on the whole the best of a bad lot. Of these latter I found that I required two pairs per month. The fact of the matter is, bare feet are the solution of the boot problem. Properly hardened by constant use and wear, what can equal them? And consider the toe grip we lose when wearing boots. It is pretty safe to say that the average civilised man has lost almost all the power of his toes as a means of propulsion. Examine any African's track in sand; you will notice how wide apart

and deep are the impressions made by his toes. You will also notice that his foot is not pointed as ours are through generations of trying to look genteel. His feet are almost square in front. From this he derives enormous power and grip in shifty going.

Meanwhile the men of the village had come in by ones and twos. I had our friend called and told him I wanted to speak with them all. They quickly came and I had it explained to them that our reason in coming into their country was to hunt with them in order to kill elephant. As a matter of fact the co-operation of these people was essential in this forest country. No other natives, and certainly no white man, could do it without them. They would surely lose themselves the first day. There are no paths, no sun, no moon, no stars, no landmarks; nothing to guide an ordinary mortal. His one chance of retracing his steps is to "blaze" the trees, and that entails the making of such a noise as would most effectively prevent his ever seeing any animal except a monkey. Therefore our future hunting depended entirely on the good-will of these people.

Fortunately for us, Africans who live by the chase are naturally of a quiet, kindly and peaceful disposition. Were it otherwise they would be the most formidable obstruction to any penetration of their country it is possible to imagine. With their cunning bushcraft added to the natural difficulties of the country they inhabit; their total lack of seizeable property, towns or villages, huts or valuables; and their independence of supplies of food, they would be almost impossible for an organised force to deal with.

As soon as our object in coming had been interpreted to the men of the village a discussion arose among them. I had no means of telling what it was about, as my interpreter knew a mere handful of words of the pygmy language. And, of course, nothing could be gathered from the expressionless faces before me. Of one thing I felt pretty certain, and that was that they could not very well flatly refuse to go with me into the bush. What I was most afraid of was that they would go with me and carefully keep me from game in the hope that I would soon leave their country.

The argument soon ended by everyone rising to their feet and going off to their little leaf bivouacs. There they simply picked up their bows and arrows. Our friend of the tree episode announced that they were ready to go hunting.

Here already was a marked difference. Ordinary natives living in villages require to make preparations before going into the bush. Food has to be prepared, axes and knives have to be borrowed or found or sharpened. The going off hunting is regarded as an outing, but here with the true hunters it was part of the normal day's routine. My little tent was soon rolled up and we also were ready for the trail.



THE CALABASH.

Off we went steadily through the damp and rather gloomy forest, in what direction I had not the vaguest idea, having no compass with me. Our first halt was caused by the leading pygmy just stopping. There he stood, looking straight ahead at a thickish clump of underbrush with no gesture to indicate that he saw anything. He made no attempt to conceal himself or to caution his followers. Neither did he try to point out anything to me. As I was trying to follow his glance and discover what he was looking at, there was a movement in the underbrush and I caught a glimpse of a low form disappearing. When we came to the spot I saw pig tracks. I thought to myself I would have to keep a very much sharper look-out if I was to get any of these forest animals.

The next halt was at a clump of large wild palms. One of the pygmies climbed the branchless stem of one of them, took from out of the very top a dirty wooden bowl and descended with it to the ground. It contained some perfectly clear and sparkling liquid under a coating of white froth. It was fresh palm wine, sweetish and delightfully cool. Out of this liquid they make by fermentation a most potent toddy.

Later in the day our guides provided themselves with food by taking out of the centre of the tops of similar, but younger, palms the heart or cabbage. This, when cooked, is tender and good and nourishing. It destroys the palm, but what does that matter when there might be half a million palms for each human mouth? Elephant also feed largely on the tender hearts of the palms, destroying hundreds in a day's grazing. Nature provides abundantly for all her children in these regions.

We passed numerous tracks of herds of elephant but without paying any attention to them. It looked as if we were making for some particular place.

Towards evening I saw a forest antelope, with which I was quite unacquainted, through a clearing in the forest. I hissed to the man in front because I wished to shoot it. He glanced back at me and then pointed ahead and went on. I surmised from this that he did not wish me to fire. He had probably seen the buck long before I did.

As we went along it became apparent to me at last that they heard something. I have noticed that all Africans have an extraordinary gift of listening to faint noises through other louder and nearer noises without the latter interfering with the fainter sounds. One never hears an African ask another to stop making a noise so that he can the better listen-in, as it were. They must have a better selective ear mechanism than we have because they can certainly listen to and follow sounds amid other and distracting sounds which we can only faintly hear when deep silence pervades. So now, these primitive men were hearing sounds, which were quite inaudible to me, through the noise we made crunching over stick-strewn and leafy ground with boggy stretches where feet sank in and sucked when lifted. And all this while not even halting themselves.

It was all intensely interesting and rather weird. It was tantalising, too, that they could not tell me what they heard. But the matter was not long in doubt, for I was astonished to

find myself suddenly in close proximity to a herd of elephant. There they were, almost invisible only a few yards in front of us, their dull hides showing no contrast with the surrounding bush and deep shade. And they seemed so silent; it was difficult to believe that we had tracked them by hearing alone instead of by their spoor. This was a revelation to me; I had never seen it before.

Now one of the pygmy men began to approach the herd without further preliminaries, fitting an arrow to his bow as he went. He evidently intended to take a hand in the business. I got close up to him and took him by the arm. We were now only a few paces from the nearest animals. They were all resting and quite unsuspecting of our presence. The light was very bad indeed, I realised, when it came to aligning a rifle. The usual guiding marks on an elephant's head stood out hardly at all. Shadows and high lights were not here; all was soft shadow. Nothing was anything like as distinct as in the accompanying sketch. I was thankful for my large wart-hog ivory foresight, and finally I fired without conviction at the head of what I judged by his size to be a bull.

As I fired the man beside me darted towards the elephants and fired his arrow at extremely close range. There was the usual stampede. Crashing everything before them, off they went. In these moist surroundings there was no dust. Following the pygmy I was relieved to see my beast on the ground; I thought he had gone with the others.

Racing on after my little friend, who was going two yards to my one, I was soon passed by the other pygmies. The way in which they covered ground was astonishing. They seemed to pass over tangled roots with deep boggy holes between them as if they were on a tennis lawn, whereas I floundered along, slipping about, tripping, feet shooting from under me and often falling. While walking through the forest I would have said that it was quite cool, but now sweat simply poured off me in streams. I got completely left behind and never saw these elephant again except the one the pygmies killed. They held on to the wounded one, a cow, and killed her miles away that evening.

They had filled her stern with poisoned arrows, as I discovered next day when they were setting apart the poisoned parts not to be eaten. I wished I had been able to be in at the death, because I wished to see how the poison acted. It seems an extraordinary thing that they can eat the flesh of an animal that has had poison injected into its circulation. I have been told by doctors that the native poison has the effect of causing the blood to coagulate. If this is so, one could understand that the poison would not spread to every part.

We became very great friends with these people, and they showed me what a very poor thing a white man really is when tackling Nature in one of her rougher moods, as here in real forest. It will be remembered what happened to Stanley when traversing the great Congo forest. His people starved surrounded by meat, although armed with rifles. He was not friendly with the men of the country.

INTERNATIONAL SHEEP-DOG TRIALS AT AYR

THIS year we were really going on a foraying expedition, really out to raid the Scotch, and to "lift" something which they had succeeded in winning, and undoubtedly wished to keep. This was the International Championship Shield, won each year since its inception by either Yorkshireman or Northumbrian, until last year, when a young Scottish shepherd—the first shepherd ever to win the International—came out of Berwick and carried the trophy northwards.

Wales was with us, of course—plucky little Wales, with a passion for sheep-dog trials which no other country has ever equalled; the first country to start the organised trial, and yet, paradoxically, the one to remain backward. Whether the Welsh temperament is as suited to the strain of sheep-dog running as the north-country English or the Scotch has hitherto been an open question. That question is no longer open. This year, Wales—but of that, later.

England was in for a disappointment at the start, for Batty was not in the team, his famous old Hemp having been retired two years ago, while his new dog, Corby, had failed to fulfil his promise. To set against this, we had not only two of the Telfers in the coveted dozen, but three; Wallace of Otterburn, with two of his incomparable bitches; Priestly, with his great dog Moss; Bagshaw's Lad; and Mark Hayton's double-running pair, Mac and Wylie.

Scotland, however, had a good list, headed by Millar, twice-times Scottish champion, with three dogs, and followed by such well known competitors as Dickson's Hemp, Hunter's Sweep and Henderson's Nell. The only consoling circumstance from the "foreigner's" point of view was the absence of George Brown, he having sold his winner to the United States for the record price of £175.

But we were all soon to have quite another point of view, and that a most surprising one. Qualifying-day wrought great havoc among the champions. The twelve minutes each which was all that could be accorded to competitors proved too few for many of the best men. Time is not a factor which should be given much prominence in showing off a good dog, but at this time of the year it has to be reckoned with. Bagshaw was out; Hunter, Priestly, Wallace of Dalry; worst of all, that fine trainer, Wallace of Otterburn, with his International star, Meg. And gradually there emerged the fact that Wales,

the Cinderella of the meeting, had qualified four dogs for the final to the other countries' three apiece.

Up to now, as has been said, it has not been necessary to take Wales seriously into account. Until recently it has had neither the blood nor the men. But the influence of the International Society, and especially the influence of Captain Whittaker, this year's Welsh President, has already achieved wonders. Welshmen have begun to buy Border blood and to copy the Border ways; and within the incredible space of a couple of years two of them have stepped up and taken their places among the champions.

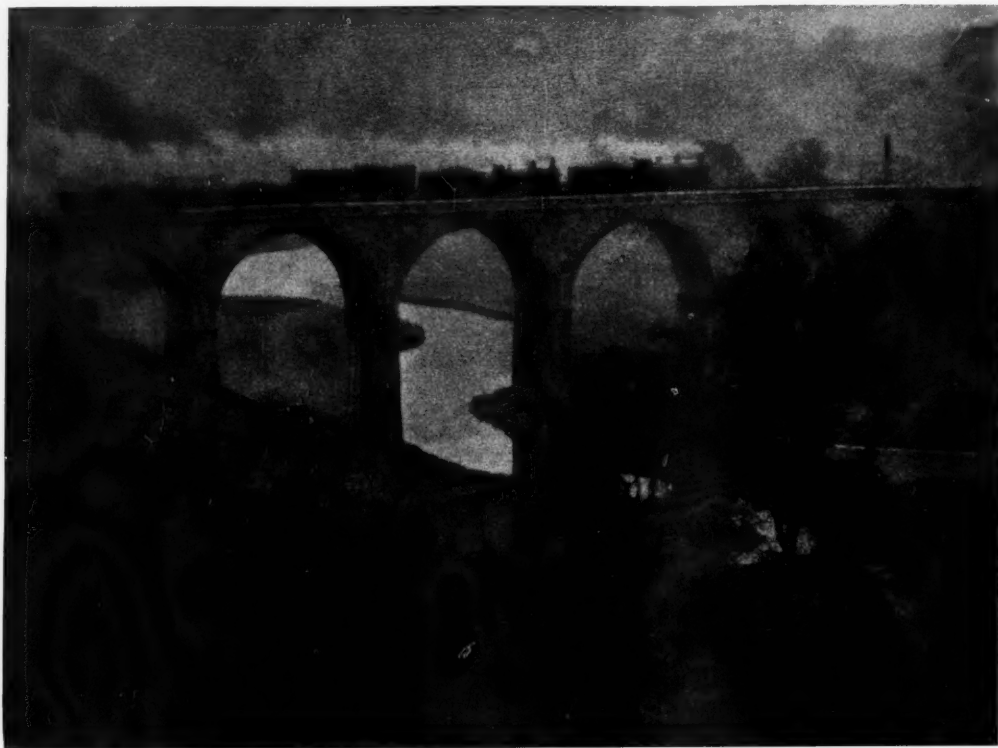
The meeting had begun dramatically enough, as it was, but Championship day carried drama to an almost unbearable pitch. The shield seemed to be going to Scotland through Millar's Spot, although Adam Telfer made a good fight of it for England with his famous Haig. Walter Telfer's brilliant young bitch, Queen, of whom great things are hoped for the future, did nothing remarkable. England was out of it. As far as could be seen, it was Scotland's day.

And then Wales cleverly and quietly brought it off. . . . Slipping in under Scotch and English noses, it pulled the chestnuts out of the fire. Pritchard of Llithfaen had been in good form both days, not only with his home-bred dog, Laddie, which finished third, but with his eleven months old puppy, Spotan, with whom he gave an exhibition of patient and skilled handling which must have been a revelation to those unversed in the making of a young dog. But the honours were reserved for Roberts of Corwen. So far, he had not shown any of the hall-marks of real genius. He has not Pritchard's rapidly improving style, stamped already with that air of dignity and power which bespeaks the coming champion. There had been nothing distinguished about his methods on the first day; and on the second, one of his dogs had the misfortune to lose two of its sheep. But at the last moment something happened to him. He ran the last dog in the last event of two extremely tiring days, and he ran it steadily, patiently and untiringly, with brilliance and with care; one of those performances which carry the quiet assurance of success almost from the beginning. Long before it was over everybody knew that the championship had gone to Juff, winner also of the type and condition prizes of the day, and one of the most beautiful dogs that ever ran a course.

CONSTANCE HOLME.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY AT RUSSELL SQUARE

"PICTORIAL Photography" is, perhaps, not as exact a phrase as one could wish, since nearly all photography is more or less pictorial. The phrase here is applied to what is to be found in the gallery on the first floor at Russell Square. Many of the pictures deal with subjects that are usually handled by the painter. The scenes come from many lands and the subjects show a great deal of diversity, ranging from "Normandy Poplars" to "The Lace-makers" and "The New Baby." Many would be naturally chosen by the sketcher with a notebook. The wonder is that the effects sought for in a black and white drawing can be obtained with such beauty and precision by the camera. Indeed, some of the photographic sketches, as one might call them, might be shown to young art students as expositions of those tones that are the pride of those who work in charcoal. Photography, like many others of the arts, received a bent towards scientific improvement during the war, and this feature is very strongly represented in the exhibition; but, apart from it, there are many pictures that charm by their beauty and show that the photographer has been exercising his talent in places far distant and well scattered over the surface of the globe. It would be unfair to expect that the unfolding of a new technique could go on at the same rate for ever. The Royal Photographic Society has attained to the seventy-second year of its existence, and its first exhibition was held as far back as 1854. No one surveying what has been accomplished during these years could fail to pay a meed of praise to the enthusiasm and ability with which successive generations have been pushing the art a little further forward, but a time must come when that gets naturally slowed down. In the companion art of drawing there is, practically speaking, no mechanical movement to be chronicled. Nearly all that was possible was achieved by the early masters. In its young days, when photography was little

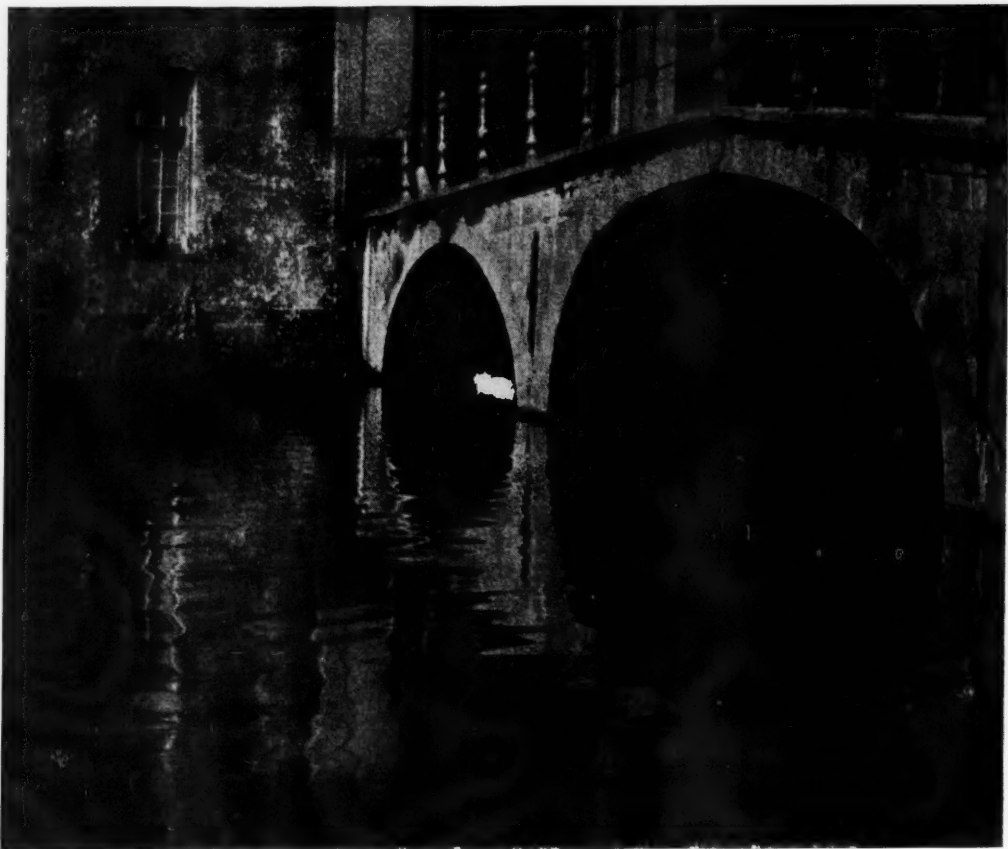


J. R. Redfearn.

"NORTHWARD BOUND."

Copyright.

understood, novelties were always occurring among photographers; but now that the tool is, as it were, shaped to its purpose, success, at any rate in pictorial photography, must be due to the same causes that act in drawing and painting. Excellence in either art can only be achieved by careful observation backed by the finest and most exact work. The catalogue shows how diverse has been the work accomplished. Portraiture itself has absorbed



Chris. J. Symes.

"PONT DU BÉGUINAGE."

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more energy than might appear from the pictures of which we show reproductions. The human form divine, whether its divinity comes from the charm of youth or the wisdom of age, here, as in all functions of art, occupies a large place. The value of human interest is highly appreciated by the skilful photographer.

The pictures vary in interest according to the taste and temperament of the artist. "Pont du Béguinage" is a fine piece of photography, but its value comes from something more than technical accomplishment. It reveals, as an artist only can

intimacy with nature, and yet many will think the point of it is the aeroplane which hovers over the human and natural subjects that combine to form the picture. It will strike most observers as being probable that the aeroplane is, in all probability, taking its own sky pictures.

One of the very best of the nature studies is "A Valley in Normandy," by Charles Job, F.R.P.S. Its lines are very definite without being hard—a bend in a broad stream that the wind is rippling, in the background a row of what seem to us



Capt. Alfred G. Buckham.

"SUNSHINE, WIND AND RAIN."

Copyright.

reveal, the quiet beauty and romance of Bruges, a town that has never parted with a quiet romance and charm that it acquired in the Middle Ages. Beside it is a picture called simply "The Piazza," which depends for its appreciation not so much on antiquity as on the life of to-day; but, surely, the most modern of all the exhibits is the one named "Sunshine, Wind and Rain," by Captain Alfred G. Buckham. In spite of its varieties of weather, or perhaps on account of them, it shows a fine

to be bush-topped poplar trees—and, though one would not swear to the poplars, bush-topped they certainly are, and they form a most picturesque background, seen, as they are, in the dye of a sun-illuminated cloud. "Harting Hill, Sussex," is a picture of a bit of England in marked contrast to what Normandy gives us. There are no broad rivers in Sussex, but many beautiful little streams, and the artist has caught the very atmosphere of the county, for just as surely as Wiltshire is revealed by

*D. H. Wilkinson.*

"HARTING HILL, SUSSEX."

Copyright.*Charles Job.*

"A VALLEY IN NORMANDY"

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Alexander Keighley.

"THE PIAZZA."

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its thatched cottages and Dorset by its unending earthworks, so the heights and hollows of Sussex, the village like some small burgh set in agricultural fields, the more distant wild grass, with its spinneys and clumps of woods, are all a bit of what Tennyson called "green Sussex."

In "Northward Bound" Mr. J. R. Redfearn has brought himself into something like rivalry with the artists who have painted great advertising pictures on the same subject, one a glorified new Border bridge full of pictorial quality, the other a picture of a freebooter at Carlisle, the Western Gate. Both of these artists give full rein to a quality that the photographer is bound by the conditions of his art to keep under restraint, that is, imagination. The photographer is always more or less of a realist *malgré lui*. The camera and its appurtenances are parts of a rigid machinery. The temptation of the artist, on the other hand, is to give too free a wing to his imagination. Comparison between the two, therefore, is comparison between the like and the unlike. Mr. Redfearn has produced an excellent photograph of a train steaming across a modern bridge, and with that he must rest content.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

SHORTHORN SALES.

THE prices obtained at the sale of the late John A. Attwater's herd of pure bred dairy shorthorns at Dryleaze, Cirencester, on Friday, were very fair considering the state of things. A total of sixty-two head were sold for £3,349 10s., making an average of £54 apiece. The bulls did better than the females. The best price was 150 guineas paid by Mr. T. L. Martin of Basingstoke for the well known bull Tockenham Minstrel II, and the same sum was given by Colonel Cecil Spence Colby for the yearling Vanity Fair. A beautiful red calf, Heather Minstrel II, made 110 guineas. The best price for a female was 105 guineas paid by Mr. J. W. Taunton of Downton, Salisbury, for the seven year old cow, Hadnock Heath.

CATTLE AND SHEEP—A CONTRAST.

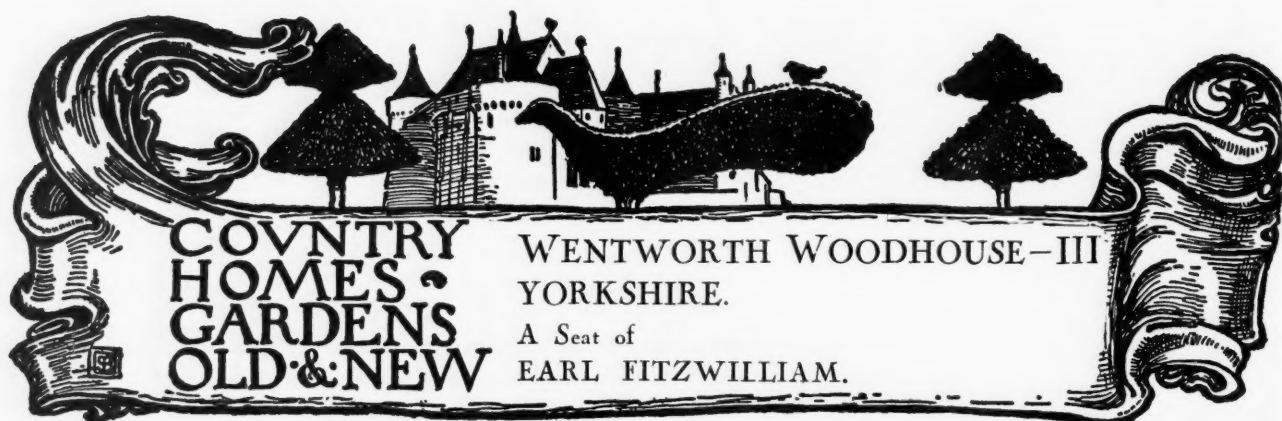
On a single page of our excellent Scottish contemporary, the *North British Agriculturist*, there is material for making instructive comparisons and contrasts. The middle of the page is occupied by an illustration of the first prize Cheviot Dinmonts at Hawick, sheep owned and exhibited by Mr. William Hogg, Newlands, Gifford. They sold for an average of £91 8s. One of them was purchased for £280, the top price of the sale; another was sold for £85. There were

five altogether. Almost adjacent to this summary is a short record of the sale at Babraham, Cambridge, where the old and celebrated red gree herd belonging to Mr. Charles Adeane was sold. They met with a spirited trade, no fewer than eighteen animals making £100 and over. The top price was 340 guineas paid by Mr. L. Hignett for the three year old roan heifer Babraham Priceless 3rd. For sixty-one head the splendid average of £90 8s. 9d., or a total of £5,516 14s., was realised. At the sale conducted at Newland Hall, Lancaster, seventy head belonging to Mr. H. H. Outram made a top price of 140 guineas, this price being paid by Mr. T. S. Braithwaite, Gloucestershire, for Newlands Rose 20th, a white cow which won second prize at the R.A.S.E. Show and first at the Royal Lancashire Show, 1923. For the seventy head an average of £33 6s. 4d., or a total of £2,332 1s., was realised. At Mr. D. Morphy's dispersion sale at Elmsfield, Milnthorpe, Westmorland, the average realised by forty-one head was £34 2s. 3d., or a total of £1,398 12s. The highest price, 67 guineas, was paid by Messrs. W. Holgate and Son for Quicksilver 112th, a taking three year old heifer. Her heifer calf at foot made 30 guineas.

In addition to that, on the same page is an account of the dispersal sale of the Dundas herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle. From the summary we learn that the average of fifty-two head was £36 14s. 7d. and the total £1,909 19s. Yet the herd which belonged to the late Sir John Stewart Clark, Bt., of Dundas, was a very good one. No doubt the first prize Cheviot Dinmonts were an exceptionally good lot of sheep, but a sheep is a small animal compared with a full-grown Aberdeen-Angus cow or bull, or a full-grown shorthorn. We are not meaning to say that any striking comparison can be made between them, but it would have been a very different comparison at the prices which prevailed eight years ago and must be taken as a fairly positive sign that sheep are in the ascendant just now as compared with cattle.

CAPONISING NOT POPULAR IN THE STATES.

Is it conservatism and a spirit of *laissez aller* rather than the effect of a considered opinion that hinders the popularity of the art and practice of caponising both in the States and here? In an article devoted to this subject an American authority tries to get at the facts. "Does caponising pay?" he asks. And he says there is a wide divergence of opinion on the subject. Yet he does not indicate the arguments used by those who are not in favour of it. There can surely be no sentimental prejudice here, for the antiquarian alone can tell us when the notion of gelding originated, and we are dependent on its continuance for our very food, one may say. Arguing in its favour, the writer tells us that even if no special treatment for fattening, etc., is given, capons will put on more weight than cockerels on any given quantity of food, and that where special treatment is given the price realised will in favourable circumstances be nearly double, pound for pound. Two per cent. losses are what the expert can fairly calculate upon; the operation is described as being simple and easy, and the time taken is from four to six minutes. For the back-yarder the plan should have an appeal, for he can keep his surplus birds to his profit and they will do their growing without crowing. They become sedate, sedentary and put on weight rapidly.



LAST week we ended our perambulation of the house as Arthur Young found it in 1768 in the "arcade" or lower hall. Thence the State apartments are now reached by the stone staircase (Fig. 1), which occupies an apsidal excrescence projecting into the middle court as seen in the sketch plan (Fig. 14). But, as already noted, Young makes no mention of such a stair. Its general lines, as well as the detail of the iron balustrading, have none of the characteristics of Flitcroft's Early Georgian manner, but savour strongly of that of Robert Adam, to whom, with the date 1775, is attributed the balustrading outside Chandos House, in London, where we find a design almost identical with that at Wentworth. That does not at all imply a direct connection between Adam and Wentworth House. After 1760, when he was associated in the designing of Harewood with Carr of York, the latter came under his decorative influence and adopted his manner. Carr appears to have been architecturally connected with Wentworth before 1769, the date of the death of Flitcroft, who, be it remembered, joined the Office of Works early in life, succeeded Kent as Master Mason in 1748, and Ripley as Controller in 1758. He could not, therefore, be much in Yorkshire, where we found Tunnickliff acting as Lord Malton's architect between 1730 and 1740 and signing plans as such. Flitcroft may, therefore, have had somewhat the same

connection with the building of Wentworth as Campbell had with Houghton, for which he certainly designed the first plans and elevations, but these were then handed over to Ripley for alteration and execution. That Flitcroft did, however, occasionally superintend the works at Wentworth we gather from Robinson's letter to Lord Carlisle, where, writing from Wentworth in August, 1736, he tells him that "Mr. Flitcroft will not be down here till about Michaelmas." But in Young's account of his 1768 visit there is no mention of Flitcroft or of Tunnickliff. The only architect he names is "Grecian" Stuart, who had designed wall panels. But that Carr, whose design for altering the wings is dated 1783, was already engaged at Wentworth is made practically certain by Young telling us that

His Lordship is building a most magnificent pile of stabling; it is to form a large quadrangle, inclosing a square of 190 feet, with a very elegant front to the park: There are to be 84 stalls with numerous apartments for the servants attending; and spacious rooms for hay, corn &c. &c. &c. disposed in such a manner as to render the whole perfectly convenient.

The "pile" was duly completed. It remains practically as built and is typical of Carr's work. Thus we may conclude that, during the latter half of the second Lord Rockingham's period of ownership, Carr not only erected the stables, but also the

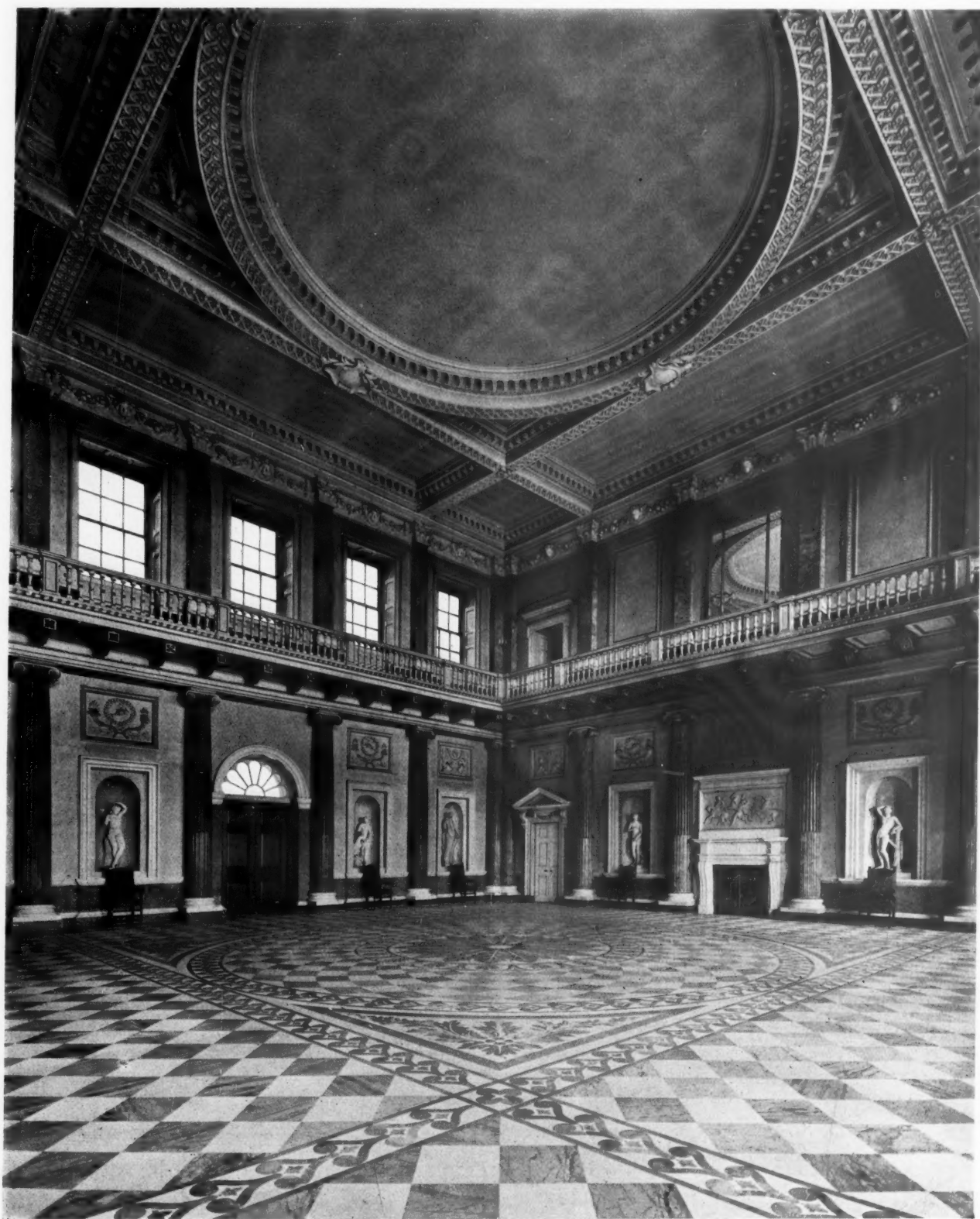


stairway, which rises so amply and gracefully from lower to upper halls. The landing is supported on columns (Fig. 6), and the general spaciousness and dignity permit of the apt display of the statuary groups and figures that were so fashionable in Rockingham's time and which find further location in the niches of the great hall or saloon (Fig. 2) which we enter from the staircase landing and through the central double doors.

Although Young found craftsmen still at work there, it was sufficiently complete to arouse his admiration, for he writes :

Upon the principal floor you enter first the grand hall, which is, beyond all comparison, the finest room in *England*; the justness of the proportion is such, as must strike every eye with the most agreeable surprise on entering it : It is 60 feet square, and 40 high ; a gallery 10 feet wide is carried round the whole, which leaves the area a cube of 40 feet ; this circumstance gives it an elegance and a magnificence unmatched in any other hall. The gallery

is supported by 18 most noble *Ionic* fluted pillars, incrustated with a paste, representing in the most natural manner several marbles. The shafts are *Siena*, and so admirably imitated as not to be distinguished from reality by the most scrutinizing eye ; the bases pedestals, the capitals of white marble, and the square of the bases of verd antique. Nothing can have a more beautiful effect than these pillars ; those only on one side of the room are yet completed ; but the most skilful hands from *Italy* are kept constantly employed in finishing this noble design. Between the pillars are eight niches in the wall for statues, which are ready to be placed when the pillars, walls, and niches are finished for receiving them. Over these niches are very elegant reliefs in pannels, from the designs of Mr. *Stewart*. Above the gallery are eighteen *Corinthian* pilasters, which are also to be incrustated with the imitation of marbles : Between the shafts are pannels struck in stucco, and between the capitals festoons in the same, in a style which cannot fail of pleasing the most cultivated taste. The ceiling is of compartments in stucco, simply magnificent, and admirably executed. His lordship designs a floor in compartments answerable to the ceiling, of the same workmanship as the columns.



Before the advent of the next recording visitor—the Rev. Richard Warner, who was there in 1801—all that Young had found the “skilful hands from Italy” so busily engaged upon had been completed. “The beautiful composition called *Scaleogni*” covered the surfaces of pillars, pilasters and niches. In the latter it was of cerulean blue “which relieves in a surprising manner, the glittering white marble” of the duly placed statues—the two Venuses—the Fawn and Flora, the Antinous and Apollo—which yet remain and are distinguishable in the illustrations. They are by various contemporary Italians, and above them are Stuart’s panels of a vase flanked alternately by cornucopias and griffins.

They show the dominance of the new taste introduced by Robert Adam. The chimney-piece (Fig. 5), equally classic in

no more than advise and direct his admirer, Roger Pratt. The treatment of taking the Corinthian capitals of the pilasters right up to support the cornice only and running the frieze in compartments between the capitals is curious and would have been reprobated by so pure a Palladian as Colin Campbell. The enrichment of this frieze is again of Coleshill type, where, in the saloon, the swags of the frieze start from cartouches, but the draped head occurs as supporting the swags of the staircase string, and was one of the many Inigo Jones details that were adopted as well by his contemporary, Pratt, as by his eighteenth century followers. We have seen it already on the Ship Room chimney-piece. The scheme of the hall is comparable to that at Houghton, but very much bigger. The gallery is managed in the same manner, and the enrichment of the cantilever consoles (Fig. 3)

is the same. Columns and pilasters are absent at Houghton where the scale does not call for them; but the vastness of the Wentworth hall made some such arresting structural-looking detail imperative. There are six doorways; central ones east and west giving access from portico and from staircase, and pairs at the ends of the north and south sides (Fig. 4). The pedimented door-cases are of wood, but the roll moulding of the frieze is of Siena scagliola, and the outer frames supporting the consoles are, like the dado, of verd antique in the same composition.

Passing through the north-easterly of these doorways, we find ourselves in what was, in Young’s time, “an anti-room 30 by 20; the ceiling finely finished in stucco” (Fig. 7). It had not then been devoted to an assemblage of statuary objects, but was so by the time of Warner’s 1801 visit if it is the room he calls the museum, describing it as “a repository of several valuable antiques and exquisite copies of them.” In this respect, however, Rockingham did not vie with his neighbour, William Wendell of Newby Hall, near Ripon, which Warner visited after leaving Wentworth and was in raptures over “the *penetralia* of the temple—the museum or gallery of statues; a series of the most

precious antique marbles which taste could select and money procure.” They were mainly collected by Wendell in Italy in 1765, and Robert Adam’s design for the elevation of the gallery is dated 1776.

Next to the ante-room, Young passed into the “grand drawing-room” (4 on plan, Fig. 14). This afterwards became the State dining-room (Fig. 9): no change, however, being made, except in the furniture, among which is a set of exceptionally fine mahogany side-tables such as Adam designed and Chipperdale executed. The large one, at the north end of the room (Fig. 8), is 10ft. long and oblong in shape, while the smaller ones, at the sides of the chimney-piece, are semicircles of 5ft. gins.



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3.—THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE GREAT HALL.

“C.L.”

manner, is, however, of later date, for the sculptured panel is inscribed “opus Joannis Gibson Romae.” Born in 1790, John Gibson, after early successes in England, went to Rome in 1817, and was befriended by Canova. His bas-relief of Hero and Leander for the Duke of Devonshire was executed in 1821, which may be about the date of the Wentworth chimney-piece. All else in the hall is in Flitcroft’s Early Georgian manner.

The apsidal staircase goes no higher than the hall floor level, and therefore does not prevent the hall being lit at gallery height to the west, as well as at both levels to the east. The ceiling is founded on those at Coleshill, then attributed exclusively to Inigo Jones, although we now know that he can have done



4.—THE SOUTH-EAST DOORWAY OF THE GREAT HALL.

diameter. The tops have inlaid bands of veneer at their edges, and the legs and frames are enriched with reticent but well chased ormolu. Walls and ceiling are richly decorated in stucco. Narrow sunk panels, filled with baroque scrolls framing a profile head, are set between great central panels and the six doorways that occupy the ends of all sides except that which has the three windows. The three great panels (below one of which is the chimneypiece) were arranged to take family pictures, and there they still hang as Warner found them in 1801. Over the chimneypiece is Van Dyck's presentment of the lady who brought Wentworth to the Watsons, and of her brother and younger sister. They were the three children of



5.—THE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE GREAT HALL.

the great Lord Strafford, and we have seen how the young man of the picture became the second Earl of Strafford, married twice, had no children, and made his elder sister's son, Thomas Watson, his heir. His portrait Warner describes as that of

Hon. Mr. Watson Wentworth, father of the first Marquis; was member for Higham-Ferrers during the reign of Queen Anne, and a liberal benefactor to the poor clergy of the county of York.

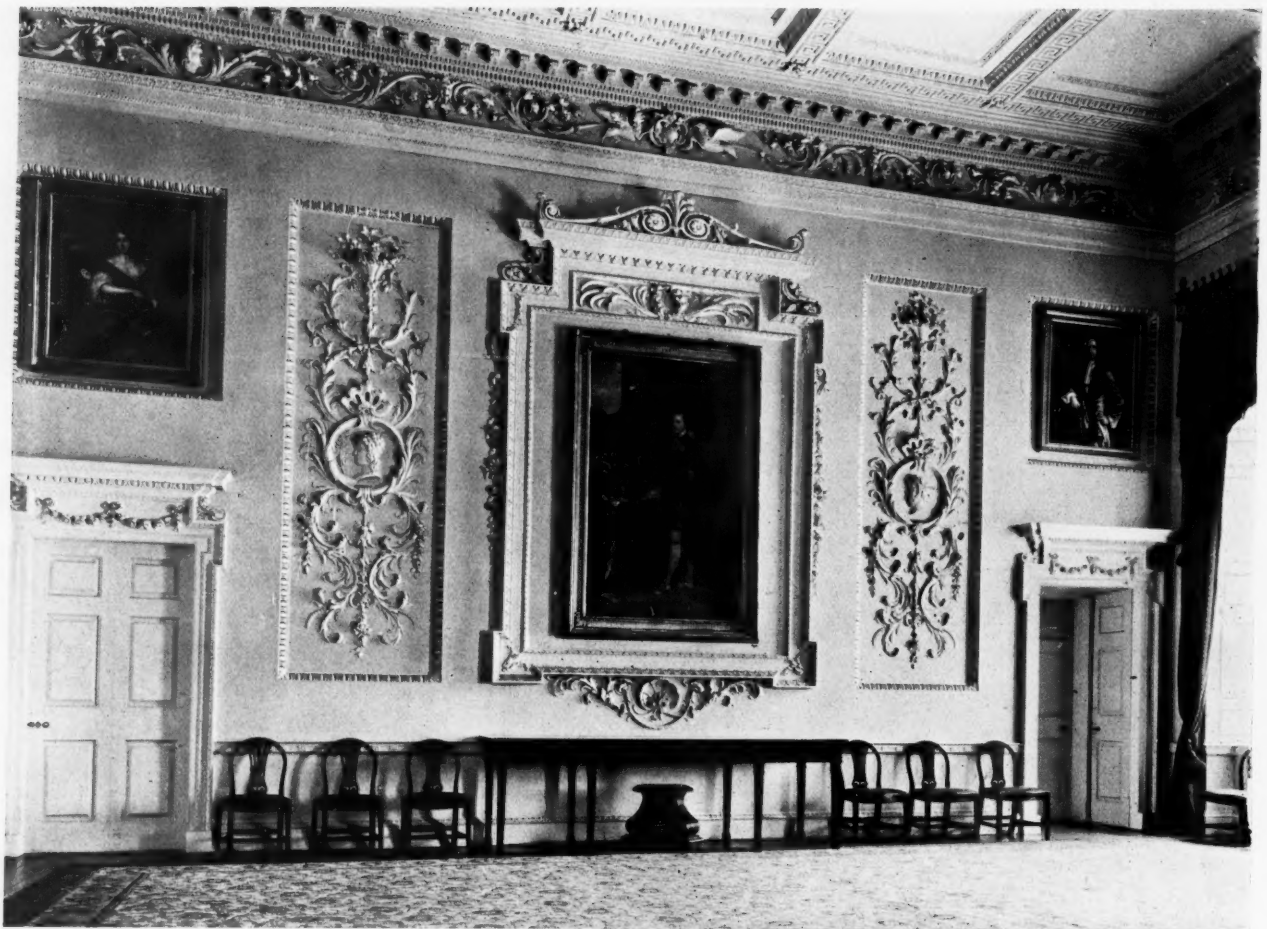
The full-length portrait of his son, the first Marquess of Rockingham, occupies the great south end panel, and Warner—like Pococke—says of him "He rebuilt Wentworth-House." He may not have entirely initiated the work and he did not live to complete it; yet Pococke and Warner are essentially right



6.—BENEATH THE LANDING OF THE GREAT HALL.



7.—THE "MUSEUM" OR SCULPTURE GALLERY.



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8.—THE NORTH WALL OF THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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9.—THE STATE DINING-ROOM.
Formerly the grand drawing-room.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—THE LARGE LIBRARY
Formerly the State dressing-room.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in their attribution. He appears to have occupied the house as early as 1716, and he certainly succeeded his father in ownership in 1723. We have seen how carved stonework on the west front implies a date between 1725 and 1728, and how in 1734 Sir Thomas Robinson found the plans for the east front in the making and the work begun. The structure, although by no means the interior decorations and fittings, was complete when Pococke was there in 1750, three months before his lordship's death. The creation of the immense house and of its elaborate architectural and landscape surroundings was his chief life work. He took no great part in public affairs, and his rapid advancement in the peerage resulted from his descent as heir of two noble families, his position as a great and wealthy landowner, and his politics as a convinced and ardent Whig. Service to the State and leadership in politics he left to his son, who is seen, in both the illustrations of the room, as painted in his Garter robes by Reynolds. Fifth but only surviving son of the first marquess, we heard of him "near of age abroad" when Pococke was staying at Wentworth House in August, 1750. His father's death that autumn gave him a great position the moment he ceased to be a minor, and he had the character and abilities, as well as the wealth and connections, that enabled him at once to come to the front. In the very next year we find him Lord Lieutenant of the North and East Ridings and a Lord of the Bedchamber. Such learned societies as the Royal and the Antiquaries at once elected him a Fellow. His position as a Whig leader and supporter of the elder Pitt's European policy during the Seven Years' War led to his resigning his Bedchamber office when Bute negotiated peace in 1762. Thereupon he was deprived of his Lord Lieutenancy, but became such a power in the Opposition that he was placed at the head of the Whig Ministry in 1765. The trouble with the American colonies had begun, and his repeal of the Stamp Act and other semi-conciliatory measures towards them caused his dismissal in 1766. A dozen years later,



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11.—THE SMALL LIBRARY.
Formerly the State bedroom.

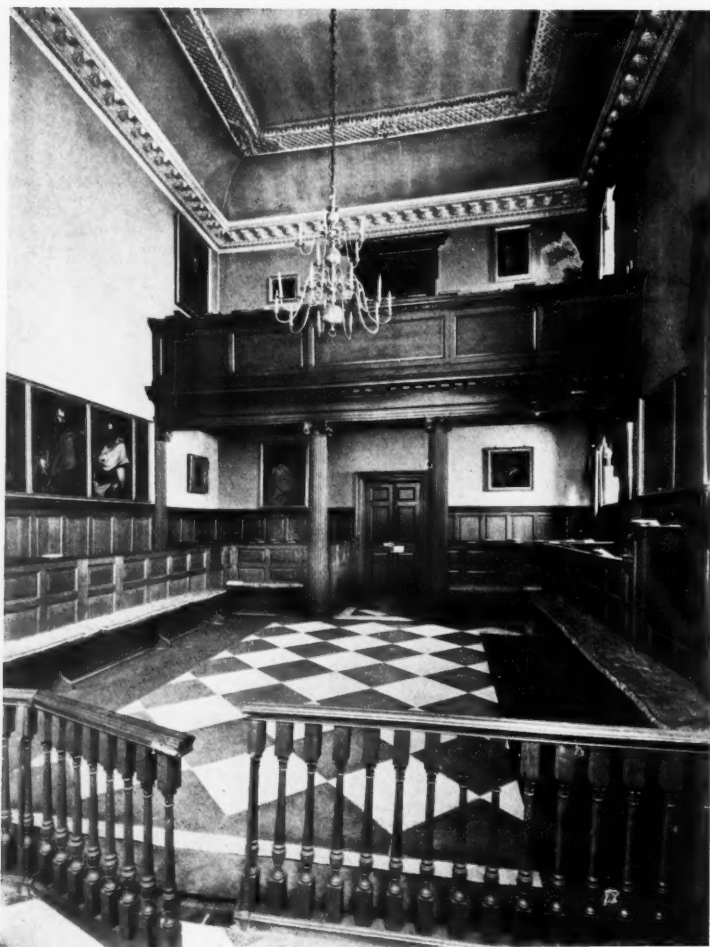
"C.L."



Copyright.

12.—THE WOOD STAIRCASE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

13.—THE CHAPEL

"C.L."

while the North Ministry was still vainly struggling to overcome the rebellious colonists and meet the triumphant fleets of France and Spain, Rockingham declared in favour of granting full independence. Thus, when that measure was finally forced upon George III and North fell, it was Rockingham who was again Prime Minister. That was in March, 1782, and in the following July he was dead and there was no Watson to come into the vast heritage. His nephew and heir built the mausoleum in the park at Wentworth and therein placed a statue of him by Nollekins and a eulogy by Burke. Burke had been his secretary and owed his introduction to political life largely to him. Perhaps, in our day, Prime Minister Rockingham is better remembered on this account than owing to his own political achievements, considerable as they were.

From the State dining-room we pass into the present libraries (Figs. 10 and 11). But we have seen that when Young visited in 1768 and Warner in 1801, the old library in the west building was still in use, and what they found beyond the grand drawing-room was the State bedchamber suite. Occupying the south-east corner of the main block was

a dressing-room 30 by 25; the ceiling coved in stucco; the center an oval cut in a square elegantly decorated; the cove rising to it mosaic'd in small squares, designed with great taste.

Behind it was the bedchamber, 25ft. square, and, as the block plan shows, another dressing-room is tucked in between it and the passage or vestibule which runs from the great hall past what Young calls the great staircase and the gallery doorway to this suite. All three of its rooms now contain books, but the decorations remain as Young saw them a century and a half ago. Those were days when the planning of great houses was excellent for ceremonious display and stately vistas, rather than for convenience of occupation and service. But Young is much struck with the way in which Flitcroft planned his great additions and linked them to the previously erected buildings. Beginning with the south end of the central block, of which we must defer visiting the principal rooms till next week, he shows how

In respect of convenience, the connection of the apartments throughout the house is excellently contrived: For the grand suite of rooms on the left of the hall has a roomy passage behind it which communicates with the offices by back stairs, and with the library and apartments adjoining by passages. To the right of the hall the same convenience is found, for one of its doors opens into the great staircase, landing-place and passage, which runs behind the grand apartment and opens into the second dressing room; so that there is a double way through all this suite, to the state bed-chamber; either through the great rooms to the first dressing-room, and then into the bed-chamber; or on the other side through the second dressing-room; and an immediate communication between these apartments and the stair case, which leads down to the rustic floor, and up to the Attic story. All these apartments are nearly contiguous to each other, and yet you may enter almost any one of the rooms without going through another. The disposition of the other apartments is not inferior.

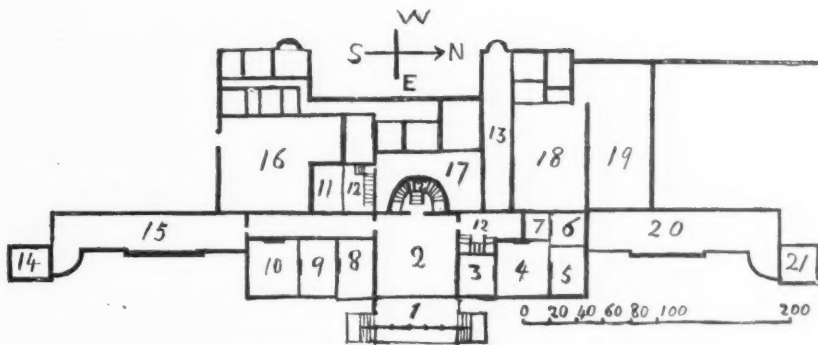
The passage before mentioned, or rather vestibule which connects the hall and the apartments to the right of it, likewise opens into the gallery, which as a rendez-vous room is excellently situated; for to the right it opens into both the dressing-rooms of the blue damask apartment; and on the left through the green damask dressing-room to the library and apartments adjoining, and by several large, handsome, and well-lighted passages to other apartments and stair cases, which communicate with the offices, so that on every side there is a communication between all the apartments, and yet without making one a passage-room to another; which is excellently contrived.

In these days we expect quite as good, if not better, planning. But, considering the enormous bulk and intricacy of the house, and the circumstance that it represents, not one synchronous and coherent plan, but an aggregation of parts belonging to different ages and separate schemes, it is certainly remarkable as an example of disposition, even from our own point of view, and especially so as a product of the Early Georgian period. If we follow Young's description on the block plan (Fig. 14) we shall find that to the west of the passage behind the "grand suite" he mentions nothing but a staircase to offices and a mode of reaching the library. The staircase

is that which we peeped at, a fortnight ago, through the open door at the end of the double-screened apartment which we surmised was the hall of the seventeenth century house. The staircase itself (Fig. 12) is not unlike those dating from the latter end of that century. There are the thick turned balusters and the broad handrail of Charles II's time. But the detail is rather different, and it must be remembered that there was a reversion to this type by the Burlingtonian school—for instance, by Kent at Houghton and by Campbell at Compton Place. The Wentworth House stair, although not of stone like those in the east building, will date from Flitcroft's period of designing. Such work as he did about the courts and offices appears to have been complete about 1742, which is the date on many of the rain-water heads in those quarters—for instance, on the chapel building lying next to the staircase in question and jutting into the south court. Stair and chapel possess the same George II characteristics, work of excellent form and proportion, but very reserved in ornamentation. It is curious that Young omits all mention of it in his very complete and systematic account of both the character and position of all the principal rooms. Yet it must have been there and gives the impression of dating from a quarter of a century before his visit. Warner says of it that "it is square, simple in its decorations, and fitted up with oak." He notes the same pictures that we see there now, such as "The Twelve Apostles,

in twelve separate works and *Christ*; all copied from Guido," several of which are seen on the side walls in the illustration (Fig. 13). A Guercino, a del Sarto and a Giordano are also mentioned by him, as well as "The preparation to slay St. Bartholomew; by Espagnoletto; like most of the other efforts of his pencil, bold, expressive, and horridly fine." The floor of the chapel is level with the "rustic floor" of the east building. Its gallery opens from the passage behind the three great and elaborate rooms that still remain to be described.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



14.—BLOCK PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

1.—Portico. 2.—Saloon or hall (arcade under). 3.—Ante or sculpture room. 4.—Dining-room, formerly grand drawing-room. 5.—First library, formerly a dressing-room. 6.—Second library, formerly state bedchamber. 7.—Third library, formerly a dressing-room. 8.—Ante-room, formerly a supping-room. 9.—Vandyke room, formerly a drawing-room. 10.—Whistle-Jacket room, formerly dining-room. 11.—The chapel—its gallery is on this floor. 12, 12, 12.—Staircases. 13.—Gallery. 14.—South tower. 15.—South wing. 16.—South court. 17.—Middle court. 18.—North court. 19.—Offices. 20.—North wing. 21.—North tower.

THE FLORA OF SOUTH AFRICA

By J. BURTT DAVY, PH.D., F.L.S.

(Formerly Chief, Division of Botany, Department of Agriculture, Pretoria.)

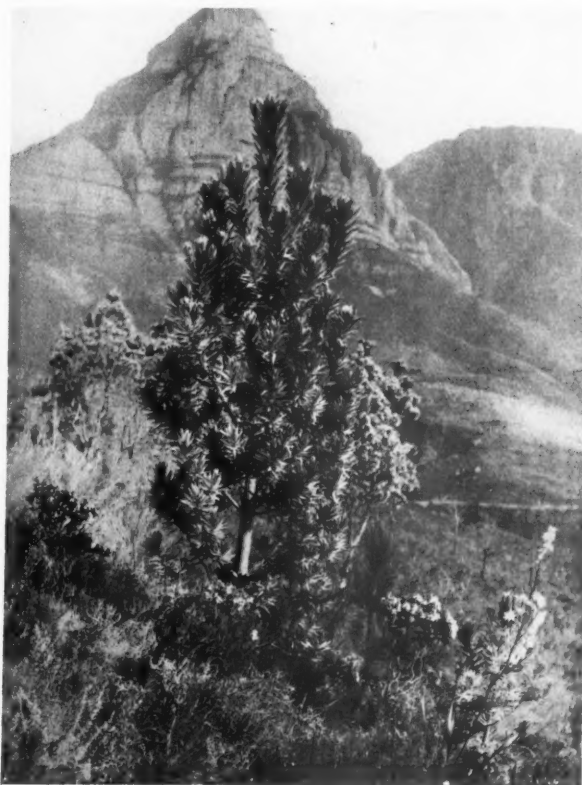
[It may be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know that numbers of wild flowers from Cape Colony are shown in the Cape Town Pavilion at Wembley. They arrive fresh every week from Cape Town, after travelling in the cool room of the mail boat. Such families as ericas, leucadendrons and proteas are well represented. The vases, with their soft tints of greens, pinks and browns, are exceedingly well arranged.—ED.]

IT is a difficult matter to give, in a short article such as this, anything but the faintest idea of the wealth and beauty of the indigenous vegetation of southern Africa. In no other British possession is there brought together so wonderful an assortment of floral treasures either for scientific study or for cultivation as ornamental plants. The Cape flora very early attracted such intrepid and renowned travellers as Thunberg and Burchell, and in the early decades of last century, when indoor gardening was in vogue in Europe, our greenhouses were filled with rarities from that region in the shape of ericas, pelargoniums, proteas, and numerous examples of the monocotyledonous plants which are found there in such profusion. It is to be hoped, and it is probable, that popular taste will again return in the near future to the cultivation of these interesting and beautiful flowers.

Extending as it does well towards the Antarctic seas, part at least of South Africa may have formed a considerable portion of that mysterious hypothetical southern continent which is supposed to have stretched from New Zealand and Australia right across, in each direction, to South America. Especially important as furnishing evidence for such a hypothesis is the flora of that part of the Cape known botanically as the South Western Coast Region, which is covered with a

vegetation remarkably distinct from that of other parts of South Africa, and which shows close relationship with the flora of far distant Australia. Here the flowering season begins about the end of May, as soon as the winter rains have started,

and the vegetation consists of low-growing scattered trees and shrubs with foliage of a dark or bluish green hue which usually imparts to the landscape a sombre aspect. Real forests are now met with only in its eastern portions, around George and Knysna. The beautiful and remarkable plants of the family Proteaceae are everywhere, among which the genus protea and the Cape silver-tree, *Leucadendron argenteum* are conspicuous. The silver-tree in a wild state is now restricted to the Cape Peninsula. A striking feature is the great wealth of species of the family Ericaceae (there are nearly a hundred species of erica on the Cape Peninsula alone and some five hundred in the whole of South Africa), and these, when in flower, make the mountain-sides glow with colour after the manner of their more humble relatives in the Highlands of Scotland. Then there are numerous Compositae, Leguminosae and a wealth of species of the iris, amaryllis and lily families. Perhaps the most beautiful of the herbaceous plants and the grandest of the southern terrestrial orchids are the brilliant scarlet *Disa uniflora* (*D. grandiflora*) and the blue *D. graminifolia*, which are found on Table Mountain. Not the



THE CAPE SILVER-TREE, *LEUCADENDRON ARGENTEUM*, ON THE SLOPES OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.



PINK WATSONIAS.



WACHENDORFIA PANICULATA.



THE BELLADONNA LILY.

least curious is the spider-like orchid, *Bartholina pectinata*, while the so-called arum, *Zantedeschia* (*Richardia*) *africana*, is so common in moist, low-lying ground that it is known as the "pig-lily." There are numerous species of the geranium family and many beautiful oxalis. In this area there are also a few stragglers of genera which are mostly found only in the Northern Hemisphere, such as *Anemone capensis*, whose isolation at high altitudes on the mountains is of great interest. In this South Western Region there are, perhaps, as many as five thousand different species of flowering plants.

In the eastern portion of the Cape Province, which marks the southern limit of the palms, some very showy species of plants are found, *Strelitzia Reginae*, *Plumbago capensis* scrambling over bushes, and the scarlet *Cadaba juncea*; while near Uitenhage and Port Elizabeth the bright red flowers of *Schotia speciosa* and *S. latifolia* are conspicuous among others.

From the South Western we pass into a very different region, known as the Karroo, a vast shallow basin which formed in earlier ages the bed of a large fresh-water lake. This great tract of country is now exceedingly dry, but the soil when irrigated is mostly very fertile. The vegetation is of an entirely xerophilous nature, i.e., it abounds in succulents and thorny or tuberous-rooted and bulbous plants which are capable of withstanding long periods of drought. From this area alone, nearly a hundred species of the genus *mesembryanthemum* are recorded, ranging from annual herbs to shrubs of unique and fantastic shape and with flowers of great charm and colour; while the genus *pelargonium*, the source of our so-called garden "geraniums," attains here its maximum development. Another curious plant of the same family is the "Candle-bush," *Sarcocaulon Patersonii*; *crassula*, *cotyledon* and other "cactus-like" plants are also numerous. The Compositae are abundant in individuals, and some of them, especially the *pentzias*, furnish excellent food for livestock. The various species of *gazania*, *arctotis* and *venidium* are exceedingly beautiful and make a brilliant display after the rains. Dry stream-beds are fringed with *Acacia* Karroo, its very fragrant flowers being reminiscent

of the "mimosa" of the Riviera. In some tracts the euphorbias are abundant in species of very diverse habit. In fact, everywhere in this remarkable tract of country the vegetation is singularly adapted to its environment, and although side by side with the South Western Region, the relationship of their floras is almost non-existent, the arid conditions forming an effective barrier to migration. Several introduced plants in the Karroo region have become terrible pests and in places are usurping the native vegetation. These include the opuntias, which are of American origin and are very difficult to eradicate once they have become established. The Upper Karroo, sometimes spoken of as the Region of Composites, extends north to the vicinity of Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State.

To the north of the Karroo the plateau is more densely clothed with vegetation. Grasses predominate, hence the Highveld plateau of the northern Free State and southern Transvaal is distinguished from the forest areas as "Grass-veld." The grasses comprise a very large number of species, but one of them, the "Rooi-grass" (*Themeda triandra*) is noticeably predominant, and in the summer the colour of mile after mile of ripening *Themeda*-veld reminds one vividly of English corn. Good *Themeda*-veld is a sign of good soil, but does not furnish many wild flowers for the botanist. Where the soil is thin and stony, however, giving poor grazing, many brilliant wild flowers are found, asters, *berkheya*s and other yellow composites of many kinds, the bright blue *Clerodendron triphyllum*, scarlet *Striga elegans*, red *Crassula stachyera*, brick red *Indigofera Burkeana*, yellow *Menodora africana*, *arthrosolen* and *gnidia*, ornamental species of *asclepiadaceae*, of *hibiscus*, *hermannia* and *ipomæa*, many of which are well worthy of cultivation. In damp soils the blue *Lobelia Erinus* (sometimes acres of it), pink *chironia* and yellow *sebaea* and *exochanum* (the Transvaal "primrose") give considerable colour. On the borders of streams one often finds a large *crinum* not unlike the one which has been so conspicuous in sheltered spots at Kew this summer. At twilight one is met with a delightful perfume wafted on the evening breeze;



A VERY POPULAR CAPE PLANT, DISA UNIFLORA.



THE BEAUTIFUL OXALIS VARIABILIS.

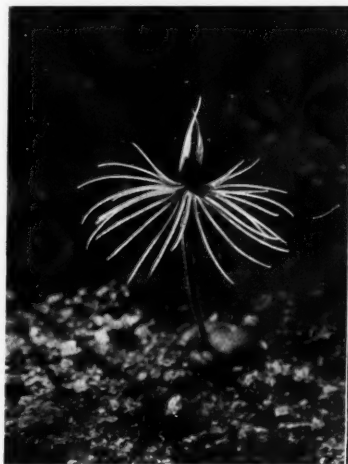
hunting among the grass in the dusk, we find it proceeds from pale greenish white masses of oldenlandia or pure white blossoms of zaluzianskya, which close their flowers and emit no scent in the day, only opening them to attract night-flying insects. An abundance of species of the families Liliaceæ and Iridaceæ is characteristic of this region.

North of the Grass-veld, where the country drops from the 4-6,000ft. level into two plateaux varying from 2-4,000ft. above sea level and where the winter nights are less cold, the treeless Highveld gives place to the open savannah forest of the Upper Bushveld of the Transvaal. This is a thinly tree-covered plain interspersed with rocky *koppies*, also tree-clad. The trees are not close together as in English woodland, but are sufficiently scattered to allow tufts of grass and more showy flowering plants to grow freely in between. Bushveld trees consist largely of acacias, many of which are very fragrant, and combretums. But numerous other genera are represented, including many with handsome flowers. Among these may be mentioned the beautiful "wild wistaria," *Bolusanthus speciosus*, not a climber like its namesake, but a shapely tree; the "violet tree," *Securidaca longepedunculata* of the milkwort family, with flowers of violet colour and aspect, and which is conspicuous at a distance by its very white bark; the "African wattle," *Peltophorum africanum*, with its rounded head of dense green foliage and trusses of yellow flowers, and *Dombeya densiflora*, with masses of white flowers which appear before the leaves, and looking like a plum tree in full bloom. Many ornamental shrubs are found among the trees, including *Mundulea suberosa*, with violet-coloured flowers; the magnificent brick red *Bauhinia Galpinii*, or "Pride of De Kaap," which scrambles over bushes sometimes 15ft. high, on the banks of streams; the fragrant white "wild fuchsia," *Bauhinia macrantha*; many species of *jasminum*; the fragrant *Buddleia salviifolia*, with lavender flowers; and the strongly scented *carissas*. There is also a large-flowered

In the eastern Transvaal, Natal and the eastern districts of Cape Colony one finds the only areas of dense forest; here evergreen trees of many species are characteristic, the yellowwoods (*podocarpus*) and stinkwood (*ocotea*) being the best known. Here also there is considerable epiphytic vegetation, many graceful ferns, hepatics, mosses and orchids, while even some species of that handsome genus *streptocarpus* have adopted this habit. One of the most beautiful trees of the forest is the Cape chestnut (*calodendrum*), with large white flowers spotted with pink. On the outer margin the sombre evergreen character of the trees is broken by the gay flowers of *Trichocladus grandiflorus* and *schrebera*, and the shrubby blue-flowered *Psoralea pinnata*, purple *Polygala virgata* and yellow *Hypericum lanceolatum*, *Calpurnia sylvatica* and *Crotalaria laburnifolia*. Streams flowing out of the "bush," as these forest patches are called, are fringed with the tree fern, *Cyathea Dregei*, and purple *disotis*; and at a lower altitude, but farther north, by the handsome wild banana, *Musa Davyæ*, with its large glaucous green leaves and red midrib. In the shade of the forest occurs a little violet (*Viola abyssinica*), a lonely southern outlier of a far northern genus. In the denser forest, the trees are festooned with lianes.

On the mountain slopes of the Drakensberg above and below the Rain-forest a wealth of ornamental plants is to be found, including the well known Barberton daisy, *Gerbera Jamesonii*; the blue *Agapanthus umbellatus*, scarlet *erythrina*s and bright red *Greyia Sutherlandii*, with many handsome ground orchids and ornamental bulbous plants. On the summits of the higher peaks occur showy *Composite*, including the "Majuba Blood-flower," a species of *helichrysum*.

The relative wealth of the flora is shown by the fact that in the Transvaal alone some 4,500 species and varieties are recorded, as compared with fewer than 2,000 for the British Islands, covering an area of about equal size.



THE SPIDER ORCHID, BARTOLINA PECTINATA.



A COMMON INHABITANT OF THE DRY ZONE, A PINK MESEMBRYANTHEMUM.



A CHARACTERISTIC SUCCULENT, STAPELIA VARIEGATA.

gardenia and a species of *ochna* with showy yellow flowers; while *Tecomaria capensis*, at one time seen in English greenhouses, is not uncommon in certain localities. At low altitudes (1,000ft.) occurs that handsome orchid *Ansellia africana*, epiphytic on the branches of trees. Of smaller plants producing ornamental flowers may be mentioned the blue, pink and white water lilies of still river pools, the velvet blue *aptosimum*, gay species of *gladiolus*, the blue *trichodesmas*, the yellow flowers of the wild cotton (*gossypium*), of species of *hibiscus*, and of *Bauhinia fassoglensis*, and the yellows or scarlets of species of "paint-brush," a name applied to *senecios* of the section *Kleinia*, and species of *hamanthus* and *buphane*. Of shrubby plants bearing edible fruits may be mentioned species of *carissa*, *ximenia*, *flacourtia*, *landolphia*, *vangueria*, *chrysophyllum*, *anona* and *syzygium*.

The lower levels of the Transvaal, Swaziland and the coastal belt of Natal support a vegetation which is essentially sub-tropical. Palms such as *Phoenix reclinata* along the streams, and *Hyphæne ventricosa*, and nearer the coast the fan-palm, *Hyphæne crinita*, and the Witte Piesang, *Strelitzia augusta*, are striking plants. In this sub-tropical region the natives make use for ornamental purposes of the bright red and black seeds of *Abrus precatorius* and the blue seeds of *Rhynchosia cyanosperma*. Many monocotyledonous and leguminous plants are of considerable ornamental value. *Azefelia cuanzensis*, with black seeds and scarlet aril used in this country as ornaments to hats, is a tree of the coastal belt. *Kigelia pinnata*, the "Bologna-sausage tree," with large dingy red flowers, is a handsome species under whose branches it is unsafe to linger for fear of the large and heavy fruits which may drop on the head of the unwary. The brilliant flowers of many *loranthus*, which are pollinated by sunbirds, give here and there a bright touch of colour.

Truly South Africa is a Paradise for the lover of flowers! Local botanists and horticulturists are fully alive to the importance of preserving and investigating the flora of their country. A society for the protection of wild flowers has been established at Cape Town, and is doing excellent work in preventing the extinction of the rarer species by such as the sellers of wild flowers in the streets of Cape Town. A fine National Botanic Garden is established at Kirstenbosch, there are several important public herbaria, and a comprehensive botanical survey is being undertaken by the botanists attached to the Department of Agriculture at Pretoria and by others. The chief of the Division of Botany is the editor of a periodical similar to our *Botanical Magazine*, "The Flowering Plants of South Africa," in which are depicted and described the more interesting native plants, while the present writer has nearly completed a Flora of the Transvaal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BERRIES AND WINTER.

SIR,—Most lovers of the country will have noticed the enormous quantities of berries hanging on trees and shrubs this year. *Berberis*, rowans and cotoneasters have never been so laden with fruit. Every country byway glistens with the reds of the berries set off to advantage by the background of green foliage. With frost occurring in the evenings and early mornings now, the fruits are becoming of a much brighter tint. It is often said that berries are in perfect condition after a touch of frost. What action the frost has it would be interesting to know. It is commonly reported, and I believe has been stated in print, that an enormous crop of berries presages a hard winter. Could any readers of COUNTRY LIFE tell me if this is the case, and if proof of this phenomenon is obtainable from past seasons? It seems odd that plants should be able to prophesy weather conditions months ahead—a state of affairs which our weather prophets cannot hope to equal.—EQUINOX.

RECENT FACADES

THE MIDLAND BANK, PICCADILLY, BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A.

IT is pleasant to be able to begin this series of criticisms, in which new buildings of London will be discussed, with some remarks upon one that nobody can have failed to be intrigued by. With whatever we may disagree—and for all its charm and good looks the building bristles with provocations—we may be certain that the failings as well as the happiness of the building are achieved by the deliberate study of an artist.

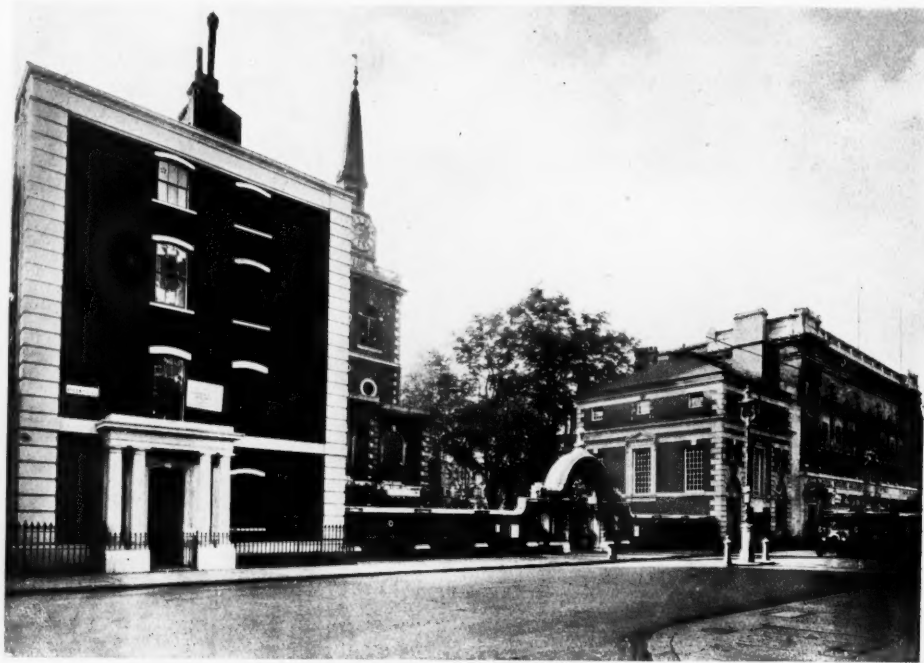
To one for a few weeks away from London the building comes as an enchanting surprise. The familiar oasis of St. James's road seems suddenly in a damp autumn to have burst back into spring, and the lovable old couple of the Church and the Vicarage to have begotten a fascinating child. As is usual on such occasions, we ask, "Is it a boy or a girl?" For reply, we are asked to look at the production, and immediately we exclaim, "A girl, and a beauty!" Unlike human babies, though, buildings are born grown up and fully developed, a phenomenon which lends to the service of christening a distinctly enhanced interest. The Bank is clearly the proper child of its parents. The traits of Wren and Gibbons are combined in it, but heredity has done no more than account for the general lines of its character.

To drop a somewhat obvious metaphor, Sir Edwin Lutyens had an almost unique site when the Victorian parish hall was pulled down: a site with three open sides, set off by a neighbouring full-grown tree, and adjoining one of the most exquisite corners of London, to which Wren and time have united in giving a particular atmosphere. On the fourth side is a discreet if somewhat dim neighbour who seems scarcely to require the cold stone shoulder that the well behaved young lady has seen fit to erect against him.

Sir Edwin, then, had an opportunity worthy his mettle, and he was the last man to be daunted by his neighbours into a mere correctness of bearing. He ordered the proportions according to received Palladian principles and gave the building the general form of one of those charming pavilions that flank the mansions of Ware and Kent's time—with a pointed roof ending in a finial, soon to be surmounted by a vane. This form is singularly appropriate, since the building consists only of a banking hall and some unimportant rooms above. But there the loan from the past ceased.

Various horizontal lines were added, notably the band of brick immediately under the roof and the lower stone band beneath the cornice proper. The former obviates the light headedness the low slope of the roof might have suggested if allowed to rest directly on its cornice. But the lower band—to break which the tops of the two main windows have been stretched upwards—is not only

unnecessary, but aggravating; a memory of Norman Shaw suggested from the Piccadilly Hotel over the road. Thus elongated, these two windows seem insufficiently capped by the architrave and pediment respectively allotted to them, which,



THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE WITH THEIR NEW DAUGHTER.



THE RICH LITTLE BUILDING SET OFF BY A SYCAMORE TREE.

as a result, look thin. The lightly fenestrated upper storey is enriched by swags of challenging shape. The old graceful curvilinear forms have been forsaken for H-shaped festoons that, while they certainly compensate for windows, share the characteristic of so many h's in not being always where one expects them.

Of the two main fronts, the eastern is the more simple and the more pleasing. The Piccadilly front provides a side entrance, balanced, for necessity, by a blank arch filled by a brickwork

niche. The heads of both arches contain roundels, and the keystones are deliciously carved by Broadbents. This side entrance was not dictated by plan, and is, in fact, the key to the whole design. The result, though, just fails to be a complete success. We are given lovely brickwork, delicate carving and a charming vitality that we mean to praise by comparing it to that of a woman. And in so doing we may, perhaps, sum up our attitude most truthfully by saying that we like her, but do not love her.

C. H.

INFANCY OF FISHES

By DR. FRANCIS WARD.



MALE AND FEMALE TROUT TRAVELLING UP TO THE SPAWNING GROUNDS. THE MALE IS ENCOURAGING HIS MATE BY DIGGING HER IN THE SIDE WITH HIS SNOOT.

FROM early childhood the egg has played an important part in our existence. As we sat dressed up in a bib, the egg of the common fowl has been ladled into our willing mouths with a huge teaspoon. Eggs, varying in degrees of freshness, have appeared on the breakfast table throughout our lives; while judicious portions of egg, milk and brandy have probably been a most welcome diet on more than one occasion.

With some their intimacy with the egg ends here; others, during their early days, have learnt more of eggs, even if only by robbing the nests of blackbirds, sparrows and finches. While birds' egg collecting is quite a common hobby, with the egg of the fish it is different, for very few people know anything about fish or their eggs, and are not interested beyond the question as to whether the herring they have selected has a hard or a soft roe; the hard roe being the egg of the female fish, while the soft roe is the male element by which the eggs are fertilised. The reason for the difference of interest in birds' and fishes' eggs is obvious, for on land we live with birds' eggs around us, while the eggs of fishes are out of our element.

There are two great types of the latter: the eggs of bony fish, such as the salmon, the roach and the plaice. These are globular in shape and merely consist of a large yolk encased in

a delicate egg membrane, without any shell. With cartilaginous fishes—sharks and rays—the calcareous shell of the bird's egg is replaced by a horny capsule.

The eggs of bony fish are found in very different positions. Some are heavier than water and lie on the bottom, while some are lighter than water and float on the

surface. Of the heavier-than-water, some are free, while others when first expelled are sticky and become attached to stones, roots and growing sub-aquatic vegetation.

As an example of the heavy free egg, let us consider the egg of the salmon and the baby fish that hatches from it. When the time arrives to spawn, male and female salmonoids travel up-stream together to the spawning grounds and here the female buries her eggs under two or three inches of loose gravel so that oxygen laden water, gurgling among the stones, brings life to the fertilised egg.

During their journey up-stream, be it salmon or trout, the male encourages his mate, making love to her in many different ways, one being every now and then to rub shoulders together. Should an intruder in the form of another male venture near his bride, the rightful owner will fight to the death to retain his mate.

Salmonoids travel up-stream during each freshet and flood, and in this way they negotiate the shallow runs and miniature waterfalls. Salmon "run up" from the sea into fresh water during every month in the year, but generally the time selected is February and March, June and July, and in the autumn. In November and December they spawn, and this is quite irrespective of the time they ascended into fresh water.

The actual shedding of the eggs may take

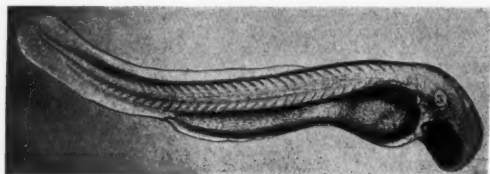


Salmon egg ready to hatch, showing the two eyes and the main blood vessel of the yolk sac through the egg membrane. Salmon alevin just hatched, with large yolk sac upon which it feeds for six weeks. Note.—Magnified five times.



Roach eggs attached to roots of a poplar, growing into water. Twice natural size.

several days. First, the female lies on her side and, by violently flapping her tail, throws out a trench in the gravel; incidentally, her eggs escape into this trench, the male is alongside shedding "milt," or the male element, and this falling on the ova, some of



Roach immediately after hatching. When born this fish has no swim bladder. Magnified ten times.

them are fertilised. The female fish then moves forward a few inches and flaps out another trench. The gravel from this is thrown back and thus the eggs in the first trench are covered while a new trench is made to receive more eggs. At the end of six weeks



Young roach six weeks old, showing position of the swim bladder. Magnified three times.

the embryo fish in the egg has developed so far that the two eyes are visible through the egg membrane. At three months, after many violent struggles, the embryo bursts open its prison and escapes as an "alevin."

Attached to the under surface of the young fish is a large yolk sac. At birth the alevin's mouth is closed and it lives for six weeks on this large natural feeding bottle. Just before all the nourishment in the yolk sac has been absorbed the alevin commences to pick up food, for the mouth has now developed. When the yolk sac has entirely disappeared the infancy of the salmon is over and they become salmon fry.

At two months old they are active little fish, darting here, there and everywhere in search of food, but occasionally several of them will band together and systematically hunt corixæ—beetles like a water-boatman. The

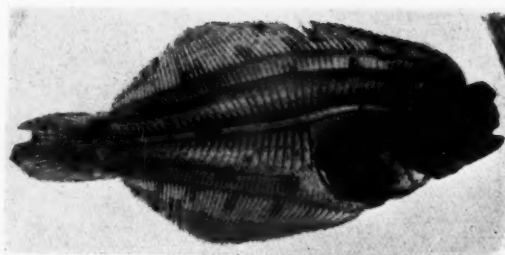
corixa, though small, is a valiant fighter, but as soon as one of the fry succeed in nipping off one of his oars, he is at once disabled and at their mercy. Then they fall on him like a pack of hounds and tear him limb from limb. Thus feeding, fighting

and avoiding destruction, a small percentage of these fry grow into salmon parr and in due course they go to sea as smolts.

As an example of the heavy egg which is sticky when first expelled, let us consider the eggs of the carp family.

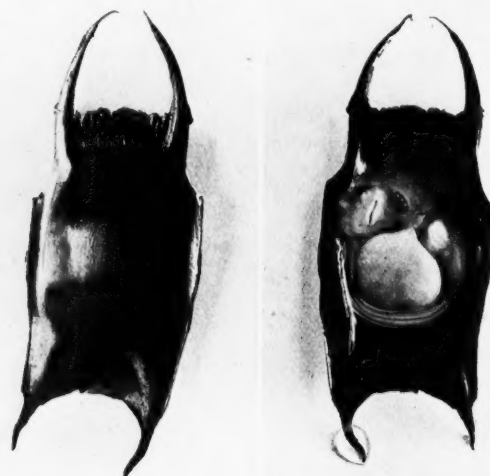


Plaice hatching. Magnified twenty-five times.



Plaice forty days old, with transformation almost complete. The cranium has rotated so that the eye from underneath is right on the brim. Magnified three times.

This family includes carp, bream, tench, roach, rudd, dace and others. If you have never seen carp spawn, it is difficult to



Egg of thornback ray about a month before embryo hatched. Three quarters natural size.

The same egg, with side of egg case removed showing embryo in position. Three quarters natural size.

imagine that these clumsy-looking fish could suddenly become so active. Rushing about, they chase each other, churning the surface into froth with their violent splashing, and frequently they jump a foot or more out of the water in their excitement. When spawning actually commences, the female fish deposits her eggs on the vegetation at the side of the pond or river; as soon as she leaves the male dashes forward and fertilises these eggs by shedding his milt, or soft roe, over them. I have shown the eggs of the roach and the larval fish that hatches from them as most typical of the carp family as a whole. The roach eggs shown were collected from a moat round Playford Hall in Suffolk, where these fish used to cover the rootlets so as to



Young thornback ray just escaped from egg case. Three quarters natural size.



Thornback ray one month old, showing how markings and colour on the upper side of this fish protect it in natural surroundings. Half natural size.

give them a snow white appearance. To estimate roughly the number of eggs in the moat, I counted the eggs in certain measured areas along 50yds. of the bank, and of those growing on the submerged rootlets alone, estimated that there were 7,500,000 eggs in the 50yds. This excessive quantity is required because carp eggs are unprotected. During the next four days after my first count a pair of ducks ate up all the eggs just below the surface of the water; shoals of young roach, cruising round and round, picked them off during the day; and both night and day big and little eels literally sucked the roots clean. When I counted again in the same area I estimated that instead of 7,500,000, a mere 10,000 eggs were left. The fish did not appear to trouble further about these few scattered eggs, but when one considers that a similar destruction occurs among young roach, from their larval stages, it will be realised how infinitesimal a percentage of eggs result in adult mature roach. The same enormous destruction of eggs is the rule rather than the exception throughout the fish world.

The number of eggs deposited by any particular fish is directly in proportion to the protection they receive and to the likelihood of their being fertilised. The ling (codfish family) merely sheds her eggs into the sea, and so produces over half a million eggs to each pound weight of her body. The trout deposits about one thousand eggs to each pound of her weight, for these eggs are partially protected by being buried in the gravel. The stickleback, though found in every pond, stream and puddle, gathers but a mere seventy or eighty eggs into the protection of his nest, where he guards them; and of the eggs with horny cases, only one, or at the most two, are deposited at a time.

To return to the roach eggs deposited on the roots in Playford moat. I watched these in special tanks kept in running water. They took from seven to fourteen days to hatch. When the roach escapes from the egg, the back is arched and the tail turned up. As in the case of all larval fish, a yolk sac is attached to his body, but it is different in shape to that of the alevin already referred to. The larva at this stage has no gas bladder, and so if he stops swimming he immediately sinks; but if he reaches the surface and still continues to swim, because of his shape he twirls round and round, making rings on the water. When roach are hatching in large numbers on a warm, still day, these rings are visible all along under the banks of pond or river. In a few hours the larval fish straightens. A primitive swim bladder develops and he is able to swim about in an ordinary manner. At the end of six weeks the young roach is a perfect little fish.

All freshwater fish (except the salmon family), most in-shore fishes and a few deep-sea fish, deposit heavy adherent eggs.

Then we have the eggs lighter than water. These are free and float near the surface, and are found only in the sea. Almost all our marine food fishes are hatched from floating eggs. I have taken the early life history of the plaice as an example of fish that hatch from floating eggs.

In the early spring numbers of male and female plaice crowd together on the spawning grounds. Millions of eggs are shed, and then rise to float during their incubation. Hatching occurs on an average about the seventeenth day. When first hatched the little fish is about 1-5th of an inch in length. Some years ago, at the Port Erin Marine Biological Station, I obtained a series of photographs of plaice hatching. The illustration given is one of them and shows a larval fish escaping from the egg membrane.

On hatching, the young plaice is a delicate creature with a large yolk sac and is about 1-5th of an inch in length. The body and the yolk sac are transparent and only the two dark eyes are visible. By the eighth day the sac has disappeared and the larval plaice commences to feed on diatoms. At first it swims near the surface in an upright position, like the young salmon and the roach, but gradually it flattens from side to side to become a flat fish. This transformation takes about six weeks, during which time the little plaice has been gradually sinking to the bottom, and when it finally rests on the sand the transformation is complete.

If no alteration occurred in the position of the eyes when the young fish reached the bottom, one eye would be buried in the sand. To prevent this, during the flattening of the plaice as it gradually sinks down, the cranium in the region of the orbit rotates on its longitudinal axis until the eyes lie in a vertical plane on one side of the head, the eye from the under side being above the other. On completion of the transformation the fish is nearly an inch in length and gradually makes its way towards the shore. Thousands may be caught in a shrimp net, and they are abundant in the pools left on the sandy shore by the receding tide.

I must now refer briefly to the eggs and young of cartilaginous fish, taking rays as an example.

The ovum of a cartilaginous fish is impregnated inside the female, and in due course it is covered by a horny shell which is analagous to the calcareous shell of a hen's egg. This case is quadrangular in shape and has sharp hooklets at each corner. The empty cases can be picked up on the beach and are described as mermaid's purses. By these hooklets the egg is held in position until weeds grow over and fix it so as to prevent it being washed ashore. I have shown the egg of a thornback ray dredged up from the sea bottom and another of the same egg case opened to show the embryo tucked away inside it.

The next illustration is of a ray immediately after it had escaped from the horny capsule. This specimen was dredged up just as it was hatching. It is the under surface that is shown, and the mouth, the gill slits, the diminished yolk sac, the claspers and the long tail with two dorsal fins can all be seen.

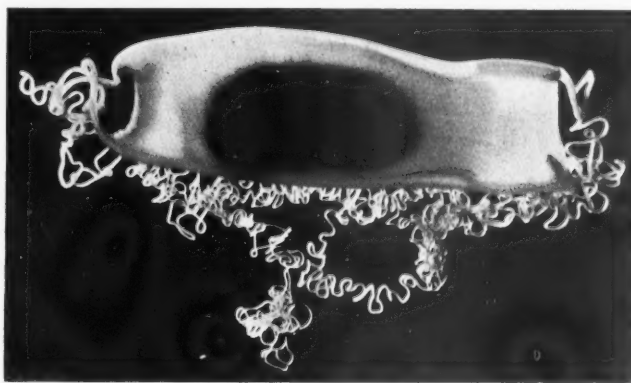
The last ray photograph shows the value of protective marking in concealing the young fish.

The flattening of the ray has been a gradual development process and differs from the flattening of the plaice, which is a transformation which occurs in six weeks. The ray is flattened from above downwards, and if divided with a knife down the

back from the snout to the tip of the tail, the two halves are similar in their structure and in the organs they contain, the wing-like fins on either side being the modified pectoral fins which have extended along each border. The plaice, on the other hand, has been flattened from side to side, so that when divided in a similar manner the back with its muscles would be in one half and the organs of digestion in the other half.

Among cartilaginous fishes the other common type of egg is one that has long watch-spring-like tendrils at each corner of the quadrangular case, instead of hooklets. The way in which

these tendrils are used is as follows. When the egg is ready to be expelled, the dogfish swims round and round the thick stem of a laminaria plant, a stake or other object which it can get round. The extruding tendrils from one end of the egg catch on, and then the parent continues to swim round, wrapping on the tendrils until the egg is pulled out. When the egg is out she continues to wrap the remaining tendrils over the egg case, thus fixing it firmly. Dogfish eggs take seven to nine months to hatch and so it is very necessary to make them secure to prevent them breaking loose.



DOG-FISH EGG WITH TENDRILS ATTACHED TO EACH CORNER INSTEAD OF HOOKLETS NATURAL SIZE.

AN IDYLL

We was a-gatherin' mushrooms,
Emmeline Smellie an' me,
Up in the medder where shadows lay thickly
Under the wayfaring tree.
Adam got wise on an apple—
But wisdom fell out o' the sky
When Emmeline Smellie clutched hold of a mushroom
And walloped me one in the eye.

I chased her along by the coppice,
I chased her along by the stile,
And Emmeline Smellie kep' runnin' and laughin'
And hollerin' out all the while.
I caught her at last in the stubble,
And sez "I'll take payment for this!"
And took 'er all giggin' an' gaspin' and squirmin'
And squeezed 'er an' give 'er a kiss!

Mushrooms grew prime in the medder,
Some folks picked dozens an' more,
Though Emmeline Smellie an' me wasn't lucky,
We only brought home three or four.
But guess who sings "Gather ye Rosebuds"
Would get a new song in 'is head
If he'd been in the medder with Emmeline Smellie,
A-gatherin' mushrooms instead.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK

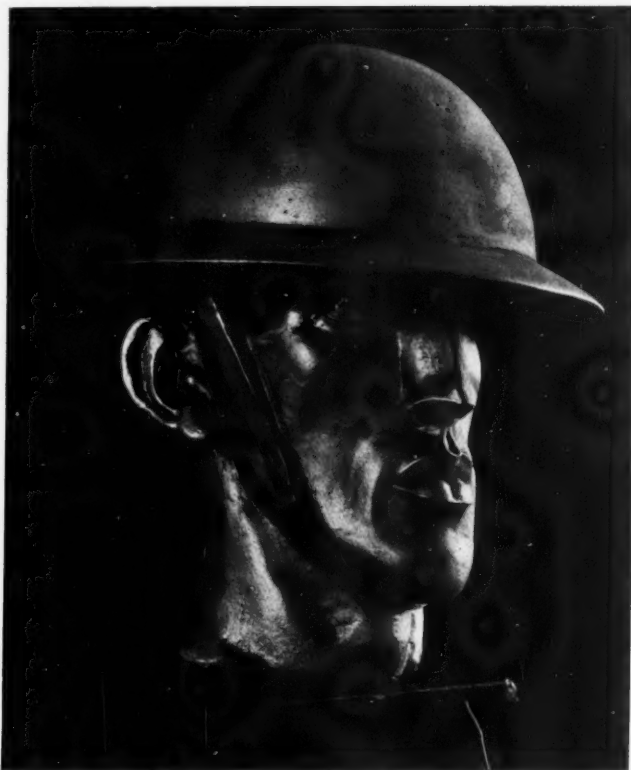
A NEW SCULPTOR

THE drawings of Mr. Eric Kennington have for the last six years given promise of great work in whatever field he eventually decided to work in. The memorial to the 24th Division, to be unveiled on Saturday, October 4th, by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer in Battersea Park, is by a long way the finest work of statuary that has yet been produced as a war memorial, and, being Kennington's first important adventure in sculpture, it marks the fulfilment, in a fresh but not quite unexpected direction, of his earlier promise.

Kennington's art, when it came before the notice of the public at the end of the war, was as essentially a product of the war as the poetry of Siegfried Sassoon or the pictures of Paul Nash. But for some it had qualities which clearly distinguished it from the general level of war art. In the first place, a single plane appeared insufficient for Kennington's emphatic, and consequently somewhat turgid, expression. In the second, there was about it an elemental earthiness that singled him out as a man in whom burned a greater spirit than that of neurotic resentment. For all their furious insistence on the mechanism



MEMORIAL TO THE 24TH DIVISION, BY ERIC KENNINGTON.



STUDY FOR A SOLDIER'S HEAD.



HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL IN GREEN BRONZE.

of war, there was about his hard-wrought drawings the sane pity that, from different motives, inspired Millet; and the pity that

. . . the villainous saltpetre should be dug
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth
Which many a good tall fellow hath destroyed.

This trait has attained its consummation in the monument under discussion.

With the coming of gentler times and the removal of the ghastly stimulus of war, Kennington's work was obviously passing through a stage of transition. So long as it harped, with uncouth fury, on the old strain of war-anger which had carried many men into temporary fame, it was out of date. The emotional condition which produced and appreciated that kind of work sank like a tide, and those artists who were unable to modify their work to a more normal tenour found that appreciation of their powers pathetically waned. Kennington, however, relaxed to a more tolerant attitude, so that there were some who said that his work declined in power. Possibly it did, but with this launching forth into sculpture he has found the tough medium which his art always demanded, and in the noble treatment of his subject has shown that his recession from brutality was not a decline in vital power, but a shifting to a higher moral and æsthetic conception.

This memorial, then, is the work of a soldier six years after the war. The Earth-Spirit first released from the churned-up soil still possesses him, but the years of peace have succeeded in soothing its malevolence. The fields of Flanders smile again beneath the harvest, and these three Comrades have nothing of reproach or bitterness



DETAIL OF THE THREE COMRADES GROUP.

in their noble bearing. What seemed at the time to participants in the welter to be a blind mechanical torment, appears to one of them, as it used to appear to those safely at home (to the fury of the young men themselves), as having been heroic at the last. The actual drudgery and horror have been purged out in this ultimate memory of steadfast comradeship.

In form, the memorial consists of a cylinder, on which appear in relief the badges of the units composing the 24th Division. On this are set three soldiers, in full fighting equipment slightly conventionalised in treatment, who advance shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, trampling a serpent beneath their feet. The serpent may represent a "Turk or Enemy," as in the jolly days of baroque sculpture; but, so far as this particular monument and artist are concerned, the serpent fittingly symbolises that same bitter resentment against useless sacrifice of life which was expressed by Kennington's earlier work. For there is nothing reproachful, as there is nothing sentimental, in the expressions of these figures. Their homely features are transfigured by a radiant joy: a joy in their comradeship, the joy of the soul that through hell has attained blessedness.

To represent this conception without mawkishness or bombast would be an achievement in the case of a more experienced sculptor than Kennington. To attempt its representation at all is sign of a spirit that, on this occasion at least, has attained greatness.

From the technical point of view the monument gains and loses some of its effect by its form. The compact cylindrical shape, while it has prohibited the sculptor from embarking on gestures and poses

which might have enhanced the effect, has just as much saved him from the bathos into which the rest of war memorial sculpture falls. Whether this simple form, from which the figures gain so greatly in effect, is to be credited to the sculptor or to that bold anonymous individual who had the courage and the perception to give the commission to an artist whose powers as a sculptor were almost solely deducible from his drawings, is a question which must for the present be unanswered. The figures are so disposed that, although the silhouette might easily have been meaningless or monotonous from some angles, it is actually neither from any point of view, and is indeed at its finest when seen diagonally. The back has been ingeniously treated in harmony with the rest.

A model casting in metal will be shortly on view, together with some other work of Mr. Kennington's in sculpture and painting, at the Leicester Galleries. Among these is a study for one of the heads in this memorial, and also a Head of a Young Girl in green bronze. In the latter the elemental earth-spirit has again inspired the face, which is beautifully and realistically moulded, but I cannot admire the very conventionalised treatment of the hair. Its curves, by themselves interesting, demand a more fully conventionalised face, or, conversely, some treatment

repeating the vitality of the face is required of the hair. Determined treatment of the hair is of such value in enhancing the effect of a head that a sculptor can ill afford to shirk the difficulty by having recourse to convention.

The memorial has evidently engrossed the artist's mind and time, so that the remainder of his exhibition is chiefly that of his diversions. There are some hobgoblin-like figures which are amusing and manifest a gayer aspect of the earth-spirit; and there are some oil paintings of Portofino in which the artist seems again to have been at first preoccupied with earthy matters—particularly with the monstrous, almost primeval, growths of cactus, yucca and date palms. But some cross-current suddenly entered, in holiday mood, and caused the artist to see everything in terms of *chinoiserie*. So we get some fantastically Chinese renderings of Italian coast scenery which are dexterous in themselves, and show a gaiety of temperament that has rarely been suggested in earlier work.

At the time of my visit to the Leicester Galleries a number of Mr. Epstein's bronzes were disposed in an adjoining room. The clean surfaces and joyous elemental spirit of Kennington's figures prompted a sudden feeling of disgust for their leprous and lascivious neighbours.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

AS SEEN BY A CONTEMPORARY

Peacock Pie, by Walter de la Mare. (Constable, 12s. net.)

Figures in Modern Literature, by J. B. Priestley. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d. net.)

Punch and Judy and Other Essays, by Maurice Baring. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d. net.)

WITH two heavy volumes of criticism looming like clouds in the background, it was no difficult matter to yield to temptation and let the hand go wandering over the new edition of Mr. Walter de la Mare's *Peacock Pie*. Even the text is still alluring, although it has been familiar from the time in which many of the best pieces in the volume appeared in our pages. Who could not read over and over again such a piece as "The Thief at Robin's Castle"? A new glory is now added to it, inasmuch as it is one of the poems embellished by the late C. Lovat Fraser. The drawing is directed to the passage, "And though the Children never really loved him, He was rich past all belief"; Lovat Fraser has happily increased his riches by the wealth of bright yet harmonious colours that blend in his clothes. This drawing in itself would explain the happiness of the embellishments. In a charming little note Mr. de la Mare says of the artist:

I can remember, indeed, as vividly as if it were yesterday, talking to him as he sat at his board with his brush and his bright inks, and watching them positively leap into life on the paper.

It is one of the best pictures in the book, but many of the others force one to linger over the pages on which they appear. Perhaps the best is that devoted to Mr. Alacadacca, whose

Long strange name
Always filled his heart
With shame.

Dickens would have given something to have invented Mr. Alacadacca or seen Fraser's picture of him. Not one of these illustrations has more character than the one entitled "Late," illumining the last stanza of that singular piece of imagination:

Three small men in a small house,
And a candle guttering low,
One with his cheek on the ace of spades,
And two on the boards below.
And a window black 'gainst a waste of stars,
And a moon five dark nights dead
"Who's that a-knocking and a-knocking and a-knocking?"
One stirred in his sleep and said.

For absolute cleverness, "Summer Evening" is, perhaps, the best in the book:

Dobbin at manger pulls his hay:
Gone is another summer's day.

But we must curb delight in these embellishments, which also are interpretations of the author, and give some attention to the critics.

Mr. J. B. Priestley's book is modestly described on the cover as "Brilliant studies and appreciations of contemporary writers." A footnote to the table of contents reminds one drolly of letters written to the newspapers about selecting teams for cricket, golf, football and other athletic contests, who are to bring back the "ashes" from Australia or win cups on the Riviera. The critic "can only hope that they will prove a welcome change from the usual set, the Shaw-Wells-Galsworthy-Chesterton gallery." "Some of my authors," he adds, "have

not been treated at any length before." He is, as it were, performing the part for literature that is done so vigorously for our national pastimes, that is, setting forth the merits of the young in preference to those of the old. That is a statement which, of course, he will very vigorously deny, since Arnold Bennett, de la Mare, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, W. W. Jacobs, George Saintsbury, George Santayana, to say nothing of J. C. Squire and Robert Lynd, can scarcely be numbered among the newcomers. All we meant was that just as the amateur delights in making up his own team of athletes, so Mr. Priestley brags that his nominations are better than the usual set, "the Shaw-Wells-Galsworthy-Chesterton gallery." Apparently, he is not himself an author who reckons that brevity is a sign of good writing, as he devotes no fewer than thirty pages to Arnold Bennett and says about him nothing that has not been said before. To Mr. de la Mare he allots almost as many pages, and it is really very difficult to gather into a few pregnant phrases opinions that he describes at such length. In regard to his comments upon Walter de la Mare's prose, particularly the "Memoirs of a Midget," one can only register a complete disagreement. In dealing with Mr. A. E. Housman he is trying to explain the inexplicable. The history of critical literature has shown over and over again that a great poet can be understood and explained only by someone who stands upon an approximately equal footing with him, as, for instance, Carlyle did to Robert Burns. Others only go banging at a gate shut to them. Mr. Priestley deals much more satisfactorily with Mr. Maurice Hewlett, because Hewlett's gifts were of an order that he can understand and write about; and in Mr. Robert Lynd, again, he meets with someone close to his own level. At the same time, it must be said and admitted that judgment of contemporaries is more liable to error than any other. As proof of that it is only necessary to take the reputations that were reckoned great a quarter of a century ago and count how many are absolutely dead to-day, and we refer to men and women who excited the greatest admiration among their contemporaries.

Maurice Baring is not altogether free from the mistake of writing about the people with whom he has been in more or less familiar contact, but, in the main, his subjects are selected from the gallery of those who have won their way through that critical period which follows the death of a great writer. The phenomena are nearly always the same—a great riot and noise, a weeping of literary tears, a gross exaggeration of the gifts of the dead celebrity, and in nine cases out of ten all of this has gone flat and is forgotten before a year has passed. The reputation appears to have expired, but it is not so in reality. There comes a revival, or an attempt at revival, and from the results of that it is possible to single out the names that are likely to survive for a long time. Mr. Baring writes well on such subjects as Goethe and Victor Hugo, Racine, Hippolyte Taine, French poetry, the Oxford Book of French Verse and so on. He is not always as keen an expositor of the art of writing as we should like to have him. In La Fontaine's style, for instance, he finds little, yet it is style which has preserved that writer alive. La Fontaine, in his own way, was almost a perfect writer. The best essay in the volume, in our opinion,

is that on Gilbert and Sullivan, and the most ingenious passage is that suggested by the famous song :

Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me ?
 Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow willow waley.
 I may say at once I'm a man of propertee,
 Hey willow waley O.
 Money I despise it,
 Other people prize it,
 Hey willow waley O.

"Cannot you imagine it being warbled by an Italian welter-weight prima donna and a luscious Italian tenor?" he says, and proceeds thereupon to improvise the most delightful imitations of it in Italian, German, French and Russian. He recalls that when "Patience" was first produced, the tune was whistled in the streets and it was one of the popular airs of the day. "But," he asks, "how few people at the time recognised its rarity as a gem."

CORRESPONDENCE

NEGLECTED TREASURES IN COUNTRY CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to your announcement of the retirement of Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, and of his splendid scheme for rescuing the neglected and discarded treasures in our old country churches, the following may, I hope, be of interest. I have just recently visited a church in Devonshire, which is regarded as a place of interest to visitors, of whom there appeared to be many. In a small room over the porch I found the following objects of interest: (1) Old stocks, suffering from dry rot. (2) Several pieces of old leaded glass. (3) A wooden battlefield cross apparently of a fallen parishioner. (4) Four carved panels from a former pulpit with the inscription "GOD SAVE KINGE JAMES : FINES." (5) Part of an old "hurdy-gurdy" on which the hymn tunes used to be ground out. All these were lying about in disordered neglect, mixed with broken lamp brackets and other modern rubbish. The visitors' book rested on a tripod-legged old table, the top of which was covered with American cloth, and one of the feet was missing. The table leant against the back of a pew. The same sort of thing may be found in many of our country churches. Although one does not expect the country parson to be a man of business, one might expect him to have some veneration and respect for these old things, which, after all, represent part of the history of his parish. If this feeling is not present, it would surely be better to sell the relics to someone who would preserve and treasure them, the proceeds of the sale to go to some of his always impoverished funds. The parson, apart from his spiritual duties, is, at the same time, the temporary custodian of the building and its contents, and it should surely be his duty, even if it is not his interest, to preserve them in good condition. If Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith can awaken in these men a sense of their responsibility he will have accomplished a useful but difficult task.—JAMES THORPE.

ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph which I hope you may care to publish of sheep on the edge of a dew-pond on the Wiltshire Downs.—R. K. SWAYNE EDWARDS.

THE "FIELD" DISTEMPER FUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The *Field* Distemper Council would be very greatly obliged if you could find space for one of the enclosed photographs in your valuable paper. The photographs and the pamphlet



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COMPOUND.
 It is surrounded by an unclimbable fence.

accompanying them will be the first visible indication of the way the money so generously contributed by the public to the *Field* Distemper Fund has been hitherto employed. The Fund is still in need of further donations and subscriptions, which, it is hoped, may be obtained from those of your readers who will be interested in the valuable work being done to save our dogs, and in the methods employed to accomplish it.—E. W. MOSS-BLUNDELL, *Organising Secretary*.

[We are very glad, by complying with this request, to give any help we can to an excellent institution. The pamphlet mentioned shows that the buildings and equipment necessary for the scientific investigation of distemper have

and combated. We wish the Fund every success.—ED.]

THE PROSPECTS OF NEW ZEALAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In my article, "The Prospects of New Zealand," published on September 13th in *COUNTRY LIFE*, I omitted to state that the fear of educational handicaps in the Dominion is needless. The State provides "free, secular, compulsory education." There are also private and denominational schools, with high schools, colleges and four universities. Technical schools and agricultural colleges provide facilities for tradesmen and farmers to become proficient. The Otago University specialises in medical and dental courses; while Victoria College (Wellington) concentrates more on law and science. A diligent boy or girl may win his or her way right through from primary education to a University degree with small cost, save living expenses.—NELLIE M. SCANLAN.

THRASHING WITH THE FLAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with interest the recent correspondence on this subject. Of course, you know that thrashing with flails is now almost unknown, but seventy years ago there was no other method, and a thrasher used to be, by some farmers, engaged by the thrashing season, which often lasted three months with the largest farmers. So it came about that some of the expert men would swing the flail for quite a fortnight, day after day, stopping only for meals. And so, to speak of not being able to do the work for more than three days was something to laugh at. My grandfather's men used to take quite a fortnight in doing the whole job. The women used to take a share, and for them a smaller flail was made. It required some practice to be able to swing a flail, and some could never learn except to hit the back of the head or the back of the body, no matter how they tried. But to be tired out after three days at it was to plead to being a "duffer"!—THOS. RATcliffe.



"THE LONELY DEW-POND ON THE HEIGHT."



THE MIST OVER MUIZZENBERG.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AT THE CAPE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your readers who do not know South Africa may not realise that one of the attractions of living at the Cape is the mountain climbing. On Sundays, holidays, etc., men forsake their stiff collars and ties for "shorts" and a shirt; girls leave behind their high heels, their flimsy frocks, paint and powder, and, appearing once more as schoolgirls in "gym" dress and low-heeled shoes, set off for the whole day on the mountain. With their rucksack on their backs containing provisions, etc., they may be seen at 8 a.m. in Adderley Street, or earlier in the summer to avoid the heat of the day, waiting for a car to take them to their starting-point, or at the station bound for the suburbs as a start, for there are various ways up. The climbs on the mountain are graded according to their difficulty. Those known as A climbs being the easiest and E being the most difficult, only ventured on by the most experienced mountaineers.—G. I. W.

A FINE COPPER BEECH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you with a photograph some particulars of the dimensions of a very fine copper beech in this garden at Boston, in Lincolnshire. It is the finest tree of the kind known, at any



IN A LINCOLNSHIRE GARDEN.



CAMP'S BAY FROM GROOTE KOP.

rate, in this neighbourhood. (1) Circumference round outer branches, about 106yds. (2) Circumference at base of trunk, 22ft. (3) Circumference, 3ft. 6ins. from the ground, 14ft. 10ins. (4) Circumference, 5ft. 6ins. from the ground, below spread of branches, 18ft. 4ins.—G. E. NASH.

FEEDING THE BABY OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One night lately I went to watch the feeding of the owl—a new experience. The rain began to fall slowly as we made our way to a musty-smelling barn. Two luscious rats, their quality assured by the apparently tent-tailed fox-terrier, were laid upon the table, and a ball of tawny, hooting fluff was extracted from a wooden cage. A pair of round, yellow eyes, accentuated by the pale light of the torch, shifted curiously, gloomily, from one person to another, lingering on the dog. On one of the rats being swung invitingly to and fro, this baby, furry owl, firmly extended his long claws round it and contemptuously inserted its head in his beak. With a gulp half the body was down, but finding it rather large, he paused, beak wedged

open, then, stretching his neck, he twisted it round and back again to make things more comfortable. Feeling a little better, he proceeded to gulp down the rest. Suddenly he stopped, and, with the tail hanging haphazardly out of the side of his beak, he sat and slowly blinked at us, pupils expanding and dilating. The rain splashed persistently on the cobbles, and silently the tail disappeared. Pupils dilating, he hopped to the back of his cage, emitting a few thick, hoarse squeaks.—JOAN LEIGHTON.

INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The weather turned very cold in the latter part of August, and it was necessary to bring the cattle down from the high Alps earlier than usual. You will notice the curious one-legged milking-stool being carried down by one of the cows, on her head. The photograph was taken at Griesalp in the Bernese Oberland.—HILDA SALWEY.



DOWN FROM THE HIGH ALPS.

VIRGINIAN QUAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As I believe it is somewhat unusual for the above to breed in this country, the following notes may be of interest. In the early spring I had marked down a certain field of grass where I heard a quail calling, and resolved that when the cutting took place that I would get the eggs. This cutting was very much delayed, so I despaired of getting them. Meanwhile the adjoining field was cut on June 24th, and from there I obtained one perfectly fresh egg of the Virginian quail,

a beautiful pear-shaped egg. The bird was nearly cut in two, and this was evidently its first and only egg. On June 26th they cut the field where my hopes were centred, and from there I got two of our ordinary quail's eggs, the rest having evidently been destroyed by the machine. Now one of these eggs contained a living chick, the other was, luckily, rotten. You will observe the difference in the dates when these two species commenced laying. I compared the egg of the Virginian quail with a clutch of seven belonging to a well known oologist who lives quite near,

and we found them practically identical. I may add that his clutch came from America. —REGINALD LIVESEY.

AT COTEHELE HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I say the photographs in COUNTRY LIFE are, as usual, delightfully clear? In that one depicting "The Windows of the Hall," Cotehele House, Cornwall (COUNTRY LIFE, September 6th), a martin's nest is seen just beneath the ledge on the chimneystack. —A. C. SHORE.

UPHEAVALS AT NEWBURY

SALMON TROUT BEHIND A CLOUD AGAIN.

WRITING a week ago, I suggested that one of two lightly weighted three year olds, each mulcted in a small penalty for winning at Doncaster, might win the Newbury Cup. They were Diapason and Daimyo. The latter did not run, and Diapason was awarded the race on the disqualification of Mr. C. Baird's Brisl, who came in first by a short head. Diapason we had seen win the Alexandra Handicap at Doncaster in the most facile fashion, and his big chance for this Newbury Cup last week-end was palpable enough. He had made nearly the whole of the running when he was gradually worried out of it, as I thought, by the older horse, Brisl, on whom was a stronger jockey, Gordon Richards. The judge said it was only a question of a short head. These details may be old now but it is necessary to stress them if only for the benefit of overseas readers. Moreover, this race may have some bearing on the Cesarewitch.

The outcome of the tight finish was that H. Leach, the youthful rider of Diapason, lodged an objection against the winner for bumping and boring, and in the result the Stewards disqualified the winner, which is always a serious business, especially in connection with a big race. I believe Leach alleged that Richards made such play with his whip that Diapason was struck across the head with it. This must have happened a furlong or so from where I saw the finish, for as they passed me, which was not far from the winning post, Diapason was next to the rails and Richards was using his whip in his right hand. However, the thing is done with now and personal opinions do not count. Brisl is a four year old that was trying to give the winner 9lb., which is 5lb. inside the weight-for-age scale. Up to one or two furlongs from home Diapason would have won easily. It was the little extra distance that had to be covered which caused all the bother. Diapason had the utmost difficulty in staying it out, while it favoured a proved stayer in Brisl. The fact reminds us that Brisl is in the Cesarewitch at 7st. 3lb., and if a strong enough rider could be found for him he would require a deal of beating.

He looms up now as a virtual winner without the 10lb. penalty. Had he not been disqualified his weight would have been 7st. 13lb. I should not have fancied him at that, but at 7st. 3lb. he is quite another proposition. He is trained in the same stable as is Bolet Satan and Scullion, the latter having the Ascot Stakes to his credit. Their trainer, Captain Hogg, therefore, looks like having three horses to saddle for the race on Wednesday week. Yutoi won the Newbury Autumn Cup, and then the Cesarewitch under the 10lb. penalty, but he was a better horse than Brisl. It is certainly of importance that Mr. Baird's horse should now have that 10lb. in hand, as it were; though, perhaps, that is a misleading way of putting it, as with 7st. 13lb. I would not fancy him, as already stated. Yet he must have a very live chance, the only doubt I have being as to whether he has that touch of speed which I think is so necessary to the winning of a Cesarewitch.

Now, of the other runners for the Newbury Cup a lamentable failure was Forseti. This horse was apparently handicapped extraordinarily well, for in the spring he had given 24lb. to the Chester Cup winner, Rugeley, on this same course, and run him to a very narrow margin. In that same race was the notorious Brisl, and he, too, was being opposed on markedly advantageous

terms. If ever a horse had a big chance on the handicap it was Forseti in this race. But what happened? I daresay at a mile and a half, perhaps rather more, it would have been a near thing between him and Diapason. But from that point he began to collapse and had nothing to do with the finish. It was the luckless grey horse, Norseman, that stayed on to fill third place, and quite a creditable third, too. Rose Prince is much fancied to win the Cesarewitch again, and Forseti is in the same stable and ownership. The failure of Forseti may weaken confidence in the other one, though my own view is that one is



W. A. Rouch.

DESPATCH.

Winner of the Kingsclere Plate.

Copyright.

a genuine horse and the other is not. If you take that view, then you avoid taking any line through Forseti.

I am afraid Brownhylda is finished with racing. There had been a lot of talk about her for this Cup race, but she never at any time ran with any dash and finished well behind the leaders. I wipe her out of all calculations on the Cesarewitch. Norseman was running his ninth race of the season, in six of which he has been placed. Five times he has been third, inclusive of important handicaps like the Newbury Autumn Cup, the Prince Edward Handicap, the Ebor Handicap, the Old Newton Cup, and at Ascot. Not once has he won, and yet I can imagine some trainers would have got a good race out of him had they been given a free hand to restrict his appearances and save him for one objective in particular. Apparently, however, that is not his owner's idea of racing. Mr. White never goes racing, or very rarely, but likes to hear of his horses running as often as possible.

Then at Newbury there was the defeat of the St. Leger winner, Salmon Trout. To say that it created something approaching consternation is to understate the facts, certainly not to exaggerate them. I can see now the Aga Khan's colt coming with the smashing late run at Doncaster and simply smothering Santorb and Polyphontes, who had galloped themselves practically to a standstill. It all looked so very brilliant, and the hero of it was duly garlanded, so to say, for his most

meritorious win. Then came this awful happening at Newbury. The race was the Kingsclere Plate of a mile and a quarter, worth something like £750 to the winner. His weight was the big one of 9st. 10lb., but what was that for a classic winner, with the rest of the weights also well up in the scale? Why, the next one to him, Winalot, was only receiving 8lb., and he had been beaten pointlessly by Salmon Trout at Doncaster. Who could think twice of Despatch, now tubed, and badly beaten earlier in the same week for the Leicestershire Stakes, a race won by Mr. Bliss? Eaglestone? Why, it had taken him all his time to win a simple little affair at Gatwick. Dry Wit, in Sir Abe Bailey's colours? Merely a horse of no consequence. So people who rarely lay odds on got busy and betted without any fear that they would ever have to pay up.

We may admit that a long course suits Salmon Trout, but that fact will not excuse him; neither will the poor pace, though they are extenuating circumstances. As a matter of fact, it was a very slow run race, in consequence of which Victor Smyth on the favourite made up his mind to take up the running. That would have been half a mile from home. Far better had he taken a chance and waited. However, there it was. All went well for a while, until the despised Eaglestone began to move up. Smyth must have felt him coming rather too near, for he shook up his horse. That ought to have been enough, but it was not by a very long way. He might have shaken off Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's horse all right, but close home Despatch came tearing down on the pair of them. The horse in Lord Woolavington's colours was being ridden with fine judgment by Archibald. You looked for a struggle and the supremacy of the classic winner, but, instead, he could do nothing. He wobbled and seemed to hesitate, notwithstanding the pressure, and it was all over. Despatch had won this amazing race by a length. Salmon Trout had the distinction of dead-heating with Eaglestone for second place. Horses, to be sure, are not machines, but that philosophy will not explain away the defeat. Of course, if the colt had been "let down" since Doncaster it would be sufficient excuse, but this could not have been so, or his trainer would not have endangered his reputation at the risk of being defeated. We may assume the distance was not far enough for him. There may be something in that. What I hope may not be true is a suspicion that the colt is ungenerous, which would explain his failures at Ascot, Hurst Park and Newbury. His next appearance, which may be for the Champion Stakes at Newmarket the week after next, will be awaited with unusual interest.

Bolet Satan, Miwani and Ceylonese are three horses that were beaten in a two mile handicap at Gatwick. Still another Cesarewitch candidate beaten in the same race was Savernake, but in his case he was only beaten a short head by False Alarm, an older horse that two years ago won the Derby Cup. Where Savernake is concerned, therefore, there is hope that he may be good enough to win the Cesarewitch under his 6st. 11lb., though I should rather doubt it. He does not strike an observer as being very genuine, and, moreover, it is doubtful whether a jockey at the weight can get the best out of him. Bolet Satan was third in this Gatwick race, but it was a poor third, and the form does not seem good enough for the Cesarewitch. Still, he has one invaluable attribute—he is sure to get the course, which two out of three in the entry most certainly will not do.

For Miwani it can be said that he was much knocked about. His lack of size is against him, and if there were bumping and striking in the course of a long race he is one that would be the first to suffer. He was certainly in the wars at Gatwick. On the face of it—he finished such a long way behind False Alarm and Savernake—he can have no chance for the Cesarewitch; but his trainer will not hear of this. He still insists that he will take a deal of beating. Last year he would certainly have got placed but for being struck into on the top of Bushes Hill. Ceylonese again disappointed to the obvious chagrin of his owner, Sir Abe Bailey, who finds it most difficult to believe that this horse is only what he is. He has always looked upon him through rose-coloured spectacles, and has probably lost a lot of money on him in his last three essays in public.

I think we saw out a very nice new two year old in Zionist, belonging to the Aga Khan. This bay colt by Spearmint from Judea won the Newbury Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate of six furlongs last week-end. He had never been out before, but his fame preceded him, which explains why he came to be an extraordinarily hot favourite, to the astonishment of his trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson. At one time just before the start he was actually at odds on, and yet he had never even seen a racecourse before. Personally, I went from the Ring to the Paddock to look on the potential prodigy, and found him to be just a nice, rather plain sort of colt, lacking a little in distinction and quality. But it was when I saw him moving to the post that I liked him so well. Truly he is a fine mover. Oojah, who had won in good style at Doncaster, had to give him 14lb., notwithstanding which he was fancied to do so, and at five furlongs he might have succeeded. It was at the end of that distance, however, that Archibald on the hot favourite flourished his whip and what I liked about him was the way the newcomer rallied instantly and raced on with such vigour that Oojah could do nothing against it, leaving Zionist to win by three or four lengths. As I say, the form is not very wonderful, but the task was performed in excellent style, and I am satisfied there is scope for much improvement in him. He needs to furnish a lot, and so, I feel sure, we shall hear much more of Zionist and to his

advantage. He cost 2,400 guineas as a yearling. His dam, Judea, won the Irish Oaks. I rather fancy her first foal was Dumas, who has proved himself to be a good handicapper and was third for the Cambridgeshire last year. The second foal was by Gay Crusader, but he has done nothing. This one by Spearmint is a good young horse. PHILIPPOS.

THE ALL-BRITISH WIRELESS EXHIBITION

THE All-British Wireless Exhibition, which was opened at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, September 27th, by the Right Hon. Lord Riddell, is a striking testimony to the development and progress of a great British industry. The organisers, the National Association of Radio Manufacturers, under the Chairmanship of Mr. W. W. Burnham, who is also a director of the British Broadcasting Company, are to be congratulated, not only on the Exhibition as a whole, but in particular on having maintained the policy, adopted in earlier wireless Exhibitions held in this country since broadcasting started, of excluding all but British-made apparatus. This policy, it will be remembered, is one which is upheld by the Postmaster-General, who makes the stipulation on the forms of licence for broadcast receivers and for the home constructed sets that the components used and the labour employed must be British.

It was realised from the first days when broadcasting was contemplated that free importation and use of foreign-made apparatus would be likely to kill a British industry which was then about to develop. In the United States of America and elsewhere broadcasting had been introduced earlier than in this country, and as a consequence mass production of apparatus had begun on a scale which would have made competition in this country almost impossible.

The Albert Hall Exhibition demonstrated in a striking manner the ability of British wireless engineers and the high standard attained by British workmanship.

A great deal of space would be required if any attempt at a complete review of the exhibits were made. It is only possible to deal briefly with some of the outstanding features and recommend that all those who are in any way interested in wireless either from a scientific or from a purely broadcasting point of view, should not miss the opportunity of inspecting in one place the most representative collection of modern wireless receiving apparatus which has ever been on exhibition in any part of the world.

The Albert Hall is in many respects an ideal choice of location for the Exhibition, but it is an indication of the ever growing interest in the subject of broadcasting that one cannot refrain from the criticism that the space is inadequate during the crowded hours to enable visitors to make a tour of all the stands in comfort.

It was interesting to note a decided tendency towards simplicity in the more standard types of sets with a corresponding reduction in the average prices as compared with sets giving an equivalent performance which were seen at last year's show.

One or two firms have made a bold bid in the direction of price reduction by resorting to mass production of carefully standardised design. This policy has, of course, only been possible where the manufacturer has had complete confidence in the sets produced coupled with the conviction that nothing very revolutionary in wireless receiver design is to be expected in the near future. We believe that this attitude is the correct one and that, except for refinements in the highest grade and consequently highest priced sets, the types of receivers shown at this Exhibition are likely to remain standard for some considerable time to come.

As regards accessories such as loud-speakers, it would not be correct, perhaps, to take so definite a view. There are loud-speakers for home requirements on show which leave little to be desired as far as quality of reproduction is concerned, and in this connection may be cited in particular a new product of one company which consists of a loud-speaker having a large circular corrugated diaphragm of parchment paper which obviates the necessity for a horn and gives extremely pleasant and true reproduction. Other new loud-speakers are numerous, but most of them are developments of the more familiar horn types, giving infinitely better reproduction quality than the older models.

If one were asked to express an opinion on what constitutes the outstanding feature of the Exhibition we do not think that the answer would be difficult to find. Those who take a critical interest in broadcasting and the accurate reproduction of the music and speech transmitted cannot fail to regard the loud-speaker broadcasting in the hall of the programmes received from the London Broadcasting Station as the most remarkable achievement of the Exhibition.

Listening to the music emanating from the four large loud-speakers located at one end of the hall, one cannot but feel that the ideal has been reached and that the public are being invited to take part in an Exhibition which, more than anything else which it achieves, represents the problem of broadcast reception no longer as an evolutionary experiment but as an accurate and perfected science. W. J. CRAMPTON.

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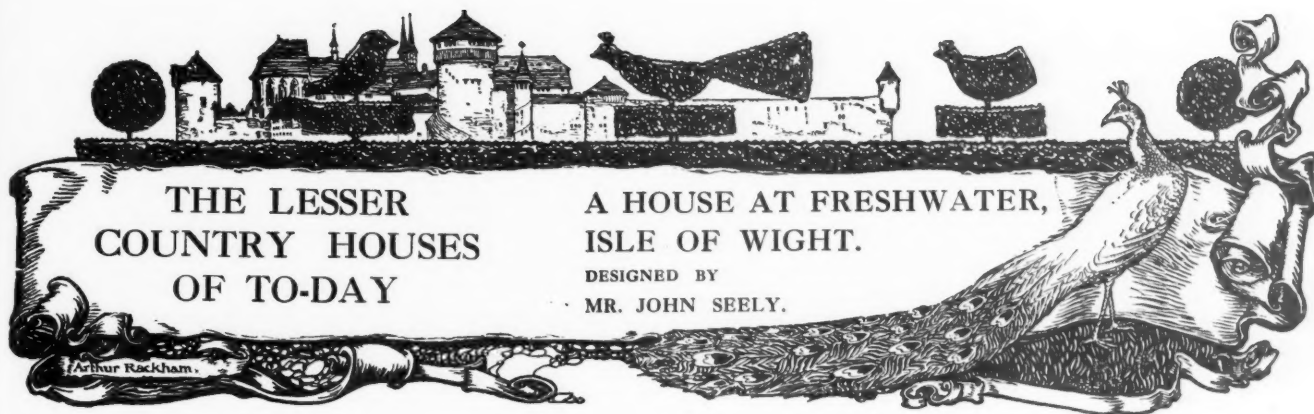
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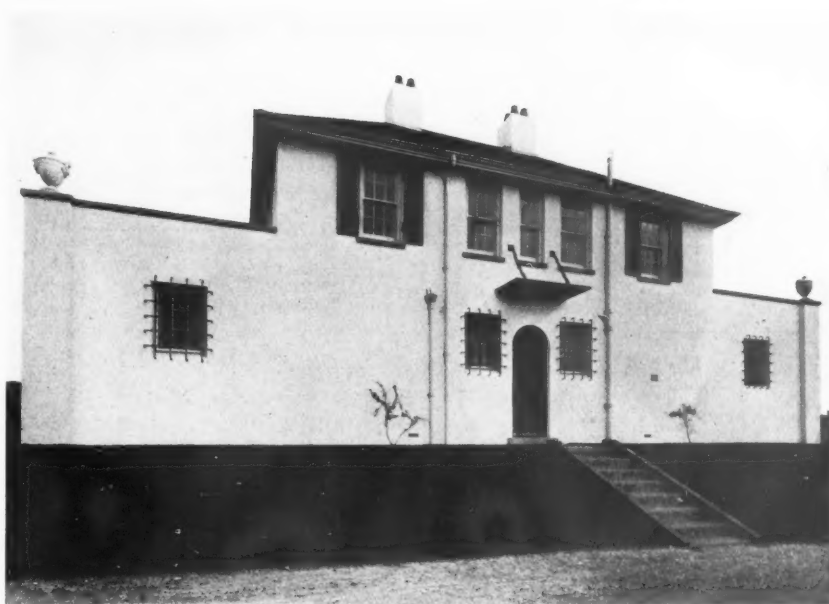
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IT is a familiar architectural precept that the design of a house shall be a direct expression of the requirements and the outcome of the particular conditions of the site; though, so far as the modern small house is concerned, in the majority of cases the requirements are commonplace and the site is just a flat plot with nothing unusual about it. But here in this house at Freshwater, which has been built from Mr. John Seely's designs, we have an example out of the ordinary. Standing high on the chalk downs which surround Freshwater Bay, and seen from the little town to be at the top of a sheer fall of something like a hundred feet, the north-west front demanded a broad effect not easy to produce in a small house. The outline silhouetted against the sky was of primary importance, for nothing unsymmetrical or discordant could be permitted where nothing could be concealed. The difficulty has been overcome by two flanking walls which, as seen in the photograph reproduced below, allow a loggia to be placed on one side of the house and kitchen offices on the other without in any way breaking up the north-west elevation. The south-east front is less austere, as the ground here, rising towards the downs, permitted a more homely treatment, while at the same time the white of the walls and the brilliant green of the shutters blend well with a landscape of towering chalk cliffs, green turf, and seas of a Mediterranean blue. It is to these bold effects of sea and sun that the bright green bars to the windows, reminiscent of an Italian villa, and the graceful vases

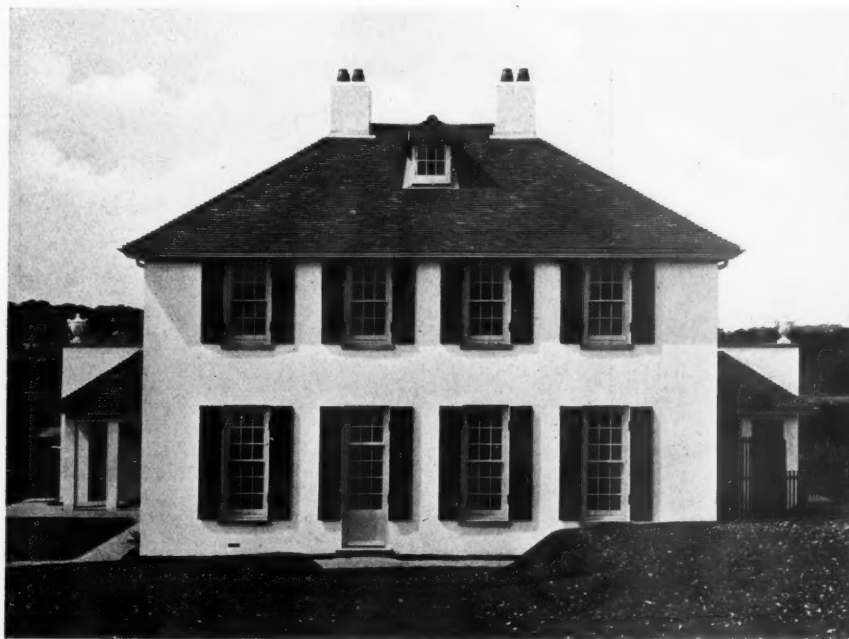


ENTRANCE FRONT.

on the flanking walls, modelled by the architect and cast in American white cement, owe their inspiration.

The house is built of local brick faced with cement, and the roof is laid with brownish red tiles, which also are of local manufacture.

The plans have been schemed to ensure economy in space and in domestic service. The entrance hall is in communication with the kitchen, the dining-room, the staircase and the drawing-room, and the dining-room can also be approached



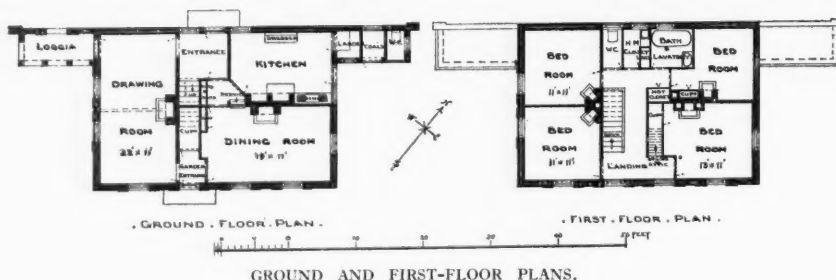
FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



VASE CAST IN WHITE CEMENT.



DRAWING-ROOM.



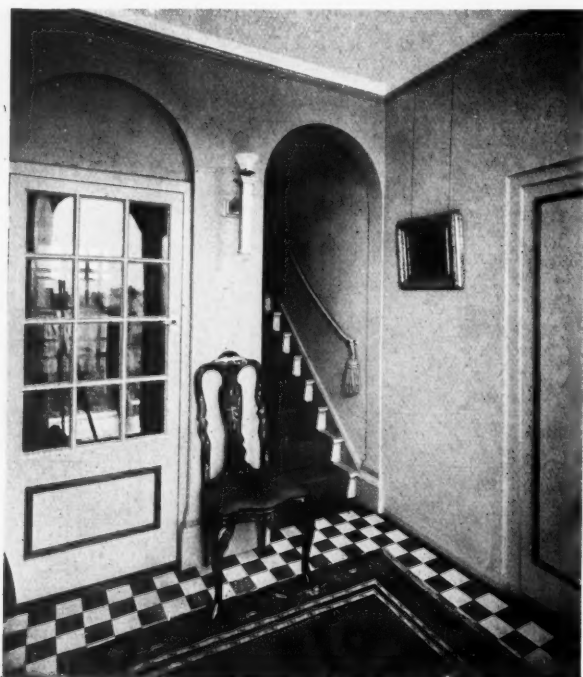
GROUND AND FIRST-FLOOR PLANS.

from the drawing-room through a small hall on the south side. This hall, which gives access to the garden, contains a large cupboard where bicycles, perambulator, etc., can be kept in the house without causing any inconvenience.

Between the entrance hall and the dining-room is a small lobby containing a serving hatch and a cupboard for coats and hats. This lobby opens into the kitchen-scullery, which is equipped with a gas cooker and an independent boiler for hot-water supply. The sink and gas cooker are set in tiled recesses

design, the majority of them still following the bad forms and indifferent embellishment of Victorian days. For this house, eventually, wall brackets were made in carved wood, and painted grey to match the grey of the walls; and they are so constructed that the tap and air inlet—unsightly necessities—are completely hidden from view. The house thus achieved is as pleasant within, in its colour and furnishing, as it is attractive without. So it commends itself.

J. J. B.



ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE.



LOOKING FROM HALL THROUGH DRAWING-ROOM TO LOGGIA.

and both get good left-hand lighting from the window near by.

On the first floor are four bedrooms (two with large built-in cupboards), a tiled bathroom, a housemaid's closet, W.C., and a linen cupboard well heated and ventilated. From the landing a staircase runs up to a small room in the roof. This was an addition to the original plan, provided in order to accommodate an extra servant. Consequently the dormer window which lights this room had, unfortunately, to be placed high in the roof in order to avoid cutting through the purlin.

The interior decoration, though simple, is noteworthy in one or two respects. Throughout the ground floor the doors are painted grey to match the walls and have one large panel formed by a piece of grey bird's-eye maple; and strips of the same wood are inlaid in the mantelshelves. The fireplaces are of the open hearth type lined with firebrick, and have firebrick hobs and a stone edging. Instead of a handrail the staircase has a green tasselled rope held by metal rings which, like the door handles, are silver-grey; and to avoid the incessant labour of keeping painted wood sills clean, the windows have internal sills of small glazed tiles, white on the first floor and grey on the ground floor. This is a treatment much to be commended. It is, indeed, one which is being increasingly adopted. Glazed or unglazed tiles can be used, the latter being wax-polished.

It was at first a little difficult to see how the gas fittings (for the house is of necessity lit by gas) could be brought into harmony with the general scheme of decoration. Gas fittings are, as a rule, lamentably poor in

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

GAME REPORT FROM NORFOLK.

PARTRIDGE shooting, in sympathy with harvest, is much behind programme dates, so that only now are the first results coming to hand. Some of the bags made already show that partridges have not suffered so badly as most people expected, though here and there unfavourable anticipations have been fulfilled. On two fairly typical estates they have made bags of 100 brace per day, another yielding 70 brace, and two others 60 and 61½ brace. These figures although very good are not quite up to average. Heavy wind has made driving difficult, so diminishing the results otherwise possible. As might have been expected small birds have been encountered, but not proportionate in number to the late nests, gapes having been very destructive during the period of almost daily rainfall. Certain coveys under observation have dwindled from seven and eight to two and three. Excellent root crops have resulted from the dire conditions, and what is more both mangels and swedes are holding their leaf. Though covert is excellent for walking and driving, the birds do not naturally resort there; rather are they to be found on the stubbles which have to be walked or driven in order to put them into the roots. Since the dense wet foliage offers no attractions they must be followed straight away, otherwise in a very few minutes they can be seen running back into the open. On windy occasions they are still more difficult to handle, for oftentimes they carry on so far as to fly clean off the ground, the result being that fresh birds must be found for nearly every drive. Pheasants continue to do well and can now be seen ranging over the stubbles morning and evening. The young cocks show pride in their fine feathers and are beginning to exercise their lusty voices, in fact are quite noisy when going up to roost and coming down at morn. They are also getting very independent, wandering a considerable distance from covert in search of daddy-long-legs and blackberries, not to forget the other wild fruits and berries which are abundant this season. Acorns and beechmast are in plentiful supply and will help considerably to keep the feeding bill down in the coming months. Keepers who have been questioned as to the number and condition of their pheasants as a rule speak in joyful terms, one in particular summarising the situation in the expressive term "top-hole." Granting that partridges are not quite up to the mark there is reason to believe that a good time is in store for the guns when sticks begin to tap in covert.

GAME REPORT FROM WEST CUMBERLAND.

Harvest continues very backward in this district, a lot of the cornfields remaining uncut on the day of writing, September 22nd. Partridges are undoubtedly a very thin crop this season, the heavier lands having naturally suffered most. Some coveys are down to a single young bird, though fortunately the eastern section of the county has fared better. This being the third successive bad season the building up of a full stock must take some time after the turn comes. Meanwhile owners of preserved land have deferred shooting till October in order that the yield from outlying coverts may add its proportion of pheasants and so save harrassing the thin stock of partridges. Up to date some of the disappointed ones have filled the blank by a few shoots at wood pigeons which in a number of places are markedly numerous. The tendency of pheasants to stray at this season of the year is causing unusual anxiety, this because driving-in is hampered by the presence of standing corn. Early birds display a good percentage of cocks, hens being proportionately more numerous among the later hatchings. The ability of pheasants to resist inclement weather has been illustrated by the discovery in mid-September of a brood of wild birds, at the most six weeks old. They were seven in number, therefore presumably an intact brood, all of them lusty and strong flyers, although so tiny.

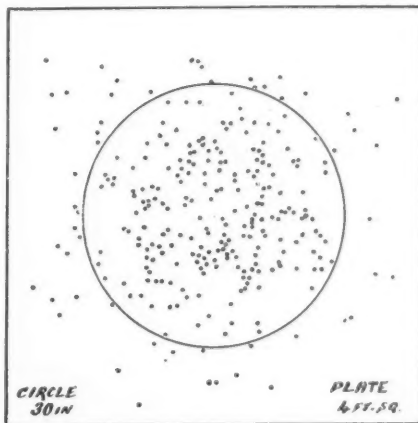
THIS SEASON'S "REMINGTON-U.M.C." LOADS.

I have received from the Brimsdown (Middlesex) works of the company as above named specimens of the five loads upon which they are specialising according to a system lately inaugurated. Instead of leaving sportsmen to grapple with the intricacies of powder and shot load in association with a variety of shot sizes, or in the alternative to follow the advice of a retailer's assistant whose omniscience may not equal his confidence, they offer their own selection with special reference to the game in prospect. Thus there is a partridge and a pheasant load, both 33 grains and 1 1-16oz., the former comprising No. 6 shot and the latter No. 5. For the hare the shot charge is 1 1-16oz. and the size of pellet No. 4. In the case of the duck a maximum effort is made, for the shot is 1½oz. of No. 4 size and the powder 36 grains. Finally, the snipe has the traditional No. 8 size. Sportsmen who attach vital importance to their favourite load may not find it in the above selection. On the other hand, there are many who consider such deviations from standard practice as the individual can contrive a finicky interference with expert discretion. They are satisfied to use a charge free of all gadgets, content that the loader is giving it detailed

attention and continually noting the valuable aggregate of users' opinion. From this point of view the Remington policy is good in both a technical and commercial sense. Things sell better by name than by statistical description, while the greater the concentration on a limited selection of types the better is the work that can be put into them. I analysed one each of the cartridges above enumerated and fired a series in the proof gun, the averages being here set out:

PARTRIDGE.			DUCK.		
33 grains.	1 1-16 No. 6 (284)		36 grains	1½oz. No. 4 (188)	
2.22 tons	9.55 in. recoil	1,075 f.s.	2.30 tons	10.21 in. recoil	1,129 f.s.
PHEASANT.			SNIPE.		
33 grains.	1 1-16 No. 5 (232)		33 grains	1 1-16 No. 8 (464)	
1.84	9.30	1,058	1.71	8.99	1,011
HARE.			POWDER IN ENGLISH CASES, ETC.		
33 grains.	1 1-16 No. 4 (179)		33 grains.	1 1-16oz. (289)	
2.04	9.37	1,090	1.86	8.85	1,030

The powder appears to be Nobel's Empire, while the cases and wadding are naturally those of the celebrated American firm whose name they bear. The cases are of excellent quality, their tubes having been subjected to a special waterproofing process which is reinforced by corresponding and very necessary treatment of the top-wad and turnover, so sealing the contents and preventing the familiar and annoying disintegration which occurs in wet pockets. U.M.C. wadding is of an interesting type, for the total felt is made up of two or three component thicknesses, according to the charge used, each felt wad being paper-covered on either face. Thus, besides the card over powder, which is of good pulp substance, we have up to six layers of paper, each contributing gas checking qualities and promoting ready separation after departure from the muzzle. The total is Remington system and it is good. As to the table the figures in parentheses are the counted pellets in the particular charge examined, the other details of loading being self-explanatory. The general tendency is towards a pressure just exceeding two tons, a value which implies full combustion at the opposite extreme to violence. That my own loading of the recovered powder gave but 1.86 tons rather suggests that Remington components extract higher value than English, whereas in years gone by the opposite appeared to be the rule, hence a powder extra strong by English standards was then desirable. The "pheasant" pressure of 1.84 tons is a trifle low, but as the pressure plug began to stick at this stage and needed cleaning the instrument may have been under-registering. Those who still talk glibly about a 3-ton pressure being desirable overlook the change that was made in the "table" in 1913. Thus 2.14 tons to-day, was known as 2.50 tons prior to the change, while 2.98 tons to-day or 3.50 tons previously, is excessive by whatever figure characterised. Velocity throughout is obviously good and recoil proportionate, hence the way is clear to pattern tests, which will be recorded in due course, the illustration depicting one of the results which has been selected for placing on record.



"PARTRIDGE" PATTERN FROM IMPROVED CYLINDER AT 30YDS.

DISTEMPER.

A correspondent writes: "While the doctors and vets. have got firm hold of the enquiry now proceeding, lay opinion has little chance of being heard—which is a pity. Quack treatments exist which are notoriously successful, though they are only known to a few. Advertisements, especially in the American papers, claim cures for the preparations offered, and their dispensers might be invited to offer information. Then, again, personal experiences might be collated as to the forms which distemper takes in different localities. For instance, when I lived on the damp North-London clay all the cases were of the nerve paralytic nature, generally ending in death, St. Vitus' dance or chorea. In the Eastern Counties during the last three years it has taken quite a novel form. The animals look in perfect health and feed well, but their hind quarters are more or less paralysed for a time; and while some recover others succumb to a second attack. A few are left completely or partially blind."

THE ESTATE MARKET

£224,000 AUCTION RESULT

IN itself there is, such is the strength and importance of the Estate Market, nothing specially remarkable in the realisation of £224,000 for an estate or part of a landed estate; but it is, nevertheless, uncommon enough to be worthy of special mention. That very satisfying sum represents the total purchase money to date of the portion just sold of the Portman settled estates in Somerset. The vendor is Lord Portman, and the series of sales, at which roundly 6,000 acres were transferred for £224,000, was conducted by Messrs. R. B. Taylor and Sons. The Yeovil firm has sold all but one of 315 lots, and by this time the 315th lot has probably joined the others in new ownership. The purchase money includes the additional payments in respect of the growing timber. The tenants were very largely buyers.

The sales now concluded occupied four days under the hammer, and, before that, none but the agent probably knows just how long in private, formal and informal conferences. It must not be assumed that the tenants always buy immediately in such cases. Much credit is due to the agents who carry out sales of landed property that has for one reason or another to be broken up, for the time and trouble they often take to point out to tenants the preferable course for them to pursue.

The series of sales of Portman properties in the West of England now aggregates an enormous sum, and we have pleasure in repeating what was said a week or two ago in the Estate Market page about the transactions, that Lord Portman has been exceedingly solicitous that the fullest possible opportunity should be afforded to every tenant to acquire his holding. This is not the occasion to go into the question, often discussed in these columns, as to why such extensive "break-up" auctions are held, but it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that, whatever reasons may lead to the owner of a territorial domain deciding to dispose of his property, there is no doubt whatever of the desirability of the sitting tenant taking advantage of the fact and acquiring his home whenever practicable. To the farmer more clearly than to the cottager the holding is essential as the admitted source of livelihood, and to many of the smaller holders and the cottagers the retention of their homes is hardly less important. Housing is not easier to find in rural solitudes than in the towns, and competition for accommodation is not limited to the class for which country cottages were primarily built, but embraces many town-dwellers who are eager to snap up pretty little places for holiday occupation. Where land-owners are indifferent to the welfare of their old tenants they can obtain much higher prices for such old cottages than the average cottager can afford to pay. It is not to be inferred that in all those cases where the tenants are not urged to buy privately in advance the vendor is necessarily lacking in sympathy with his people. Sometimes trustees or other nominal vendors have no option but to offer everything to public competition. It is fortunate for the Somerset folk affected by the series of sales of the Portman settled estates that the noble owner had a free hand and abundant sympathy for the occupiers. The day may come when one of the finest tributes that can be paid to the landed proprietors of this country may be that, selling their properties, they studied the interests of their tenants to the end.

ASSTEAD PARK.

NEXT Wednesday (October 8th), at Hanover Square, Mrs. Pantia Ralli's Surrey estate, Asstead Park, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property of 807 acres will first be offered as a whole, and the lotting provides for the submission of the mansion and a smaller acreage, assuming that that course is necessary. The mansion, among the most dignified Georgian houses in the home counties, stands in a grand deer park, near Walton Heath and other golf courses. The sporting is good, and there is hunting with the Surrey Union and Old Surrey Foxhounds. Proximity of the estate to Ashted and Leatherhead, and its five or six miles of road frontages, give the property value for building development on a considerable part of it. A photograph of the estate, from an aeroplane, is given in the particulars prepared for the auction.

Pepys and Evelyn knew and admired Asstead Park, and the latter writer lived to see the erection of a house there, that which Sir Robert Howard, Auditor of the Exchequer, built in 1681, "not great, but with the out-houses very convenient," says Evelyn. A descendant of Howard was married in 1783 to Richard Bagot, who built the present mansion. In 1880 Lieutenant-Colonel Ponsonby Bagot sold Asstead Park to Sir Thomas Lucas, from whom the late Mr. Pantia Ralli bought it.

Three of the private sales effected in the last few days by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been in conjunction with other firms, namely, Shelsley Grange, 63 acres, near Worcester, with Messrs. Ingman and Mills; Funtington Hall, near Chichester, with Messrs. Tresidder and Co.; and Myrtle, Sidmouth, with Messrs. Potbury and Son. Arborfield, Walton, has also been sold by the Hanover Square agents. They obtained £8,300 for Elms Farm, Sarre, 198 acres, in the Isle of Thanet, noted for barley-growing; and they have sold to a client of Messrs. Norbury, Smith and Co., Canfield Court, 550 acres, near Bedford.

Red Home, Walton Heath, has been sold privately by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and the auction at Hanover Square, announced for September 25th, consequently did not take place.

SALE OF ST. AUDRIES.

LORD ST. AUDRIES has, we understand, disposed of his principal West Somerset seat, St. Audries, to Mr. W. A. Fowler of Cambridge. The 1,000 or 2,000 acres comprise one of the most beautiful estates in that part of the county. The more formal but less used name of the village is West Quantockshead, and the popular name is derived from the little church which Sir Peregrine Acland erected about seventy years ago. The place, with its herd of red and fallow deer, is seven or eight miles from Nether Stowey, where the woodlands clothe a sharp descent to the shore.

Forest and moorland meet in the vicinity, and it has been well and truly said that the crowning touch of charm is lent by the homeliness of the estate, the central feature of which is the old Tudor manor house that Sir Alexander Acland Hood enlarged and restored. The grounds have grottoes of shell and rock, and on the beach is a cascade. It is pleasant to be able to add that holiday-makers have never been rebuffed on the property, and further, that they have never abused the privilege so freely offered them. The agents are Messrs. Wainwrights and Heard.

SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE'S HOUSE.

THE late Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge's executor, the Public Trustee, has requested Messrs. Hampton and Sons to offer Coombe Pines, near Kingston Hill, by auction at the St. James's Estate Rooms, St. James's Square, on October 28th. The house is of the Georgian type, with central heating and other good points, in freehold grounds of an acre, and close to a couple of golf courses.

Lady Jardine has directed Messrs. Harrods, Limited, to sell Blackgates, Byfleet, a finely fitted modern freehold in typical Surrey gardens of approximately 3 acres.

The late Sir Reginald H. Cox's executors will put Manor Cottage, Old Windsor, a riverside freehold of 50 acres, into the market, at Windsor, on October 8th, at an "upset" price of £8,000, the agent being Mr. W. B. Mason.

Before the auction at Newbury, Messrs. Collins and Collins have sold Kingwood, Lambourn, a freehold of 280 acres, adapted for pedigree stock or a stud farm. The purchaser is a racehorse owner.

Lady Butler Fellowes has sold Woodfield, Stevenage, through Messrs. Battam and Heywood, who have (in conjunction with Mr. A. G. Bonsor) disposed of a Surrey freehold, Zeta, overlooking the golf links at Raynes Park. They are to sell Otterburn, Hitchin.

JUDGES' HOUSES FOR SALE.

THERE are at the moment in the market four or five dignified residences, in or near London, by order of judges of the High Court or their executors. One is that of the late Sir Clement Bailhache, known as Trevanion, at Totteridge, a Norman Shaw building,

in grounds which Mr. Marnock laid out. The agent is Mr. Louis Tredinnick. Another house, equally accessible and in an equally pleasant outer-suburban area, is also, we believe, for sale by another firm, by order of a well known member of the Bench. Yet another is Lord Justice Scrutton's freehold of 10 acres, Glenwood, Westcombe Park, Blackheath, in the sale of which Messrs. Goddard and Smith and Messrs. Dyer, Son and Hilton are jointly concerned.

The late Lord Cozens-Hardy's judicial connections justify the inclusion of his house, in Halkin Place, in the present note. It has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

The late Sir Ernest Newton built High Close, Wokingham, for his own occupation, and it will be offered, with the grounds of 8 acres, next Tuesday, at St. James's Square, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

ASHRIDGE COURT SOLD.

ASHRIDGE COURT, eight miles from Okehampton, an estate of 483 acres, was sold before the auction, by Messrs. Constable and Maude.

Some time ago a very extensive Swanage estate changed hands, and in the last few days Messrs. Fox and Sons have found buyers for various types of property in the same growing resort. One or two other auctions of seaside property, chiefly held locally, have not led to equally satisfactory results in the last day or two, but, in one instance at any rate, the weather was enough to keep anyone away from the auction.

Pinkney's Lodge, Pinkney's Green, near Maidenhead, a residence on two floors with modern equipment, with outbuilding and 6 acres of grounds, has been sold by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock report that further portions of the Runwell Hall estate, Wickford, Essex, have been sold since the auction and twenty-one lots out of twenty-nine have been disposed of, including accommodation land at between £30 and £70 per acre.

Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co. have sold an old Tudor residence and grounds, near Tunbridge Wells, Stonewall Cottage, Langton Green; Downmere, Poynings, a country place near the Devil's Dyke; Little Brampton, Billingshurst; and The Orchard, Pulborough.

ELIZABETHAN WAGES AND PRICES.

DONNINGTON CASTLE, Newbury, noted for the storm and stress of its existence in the days of the Civil War, was referred to at some length in the Estate Market page on June 21st, and Messrs. Thake and Paginton, who are to sell the estate of 380 acres, have prepared illustrated particulars. The castle was given by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Howard of Effingham for his part in defeating the Spanish Armada, and it has been handed down from one generation to another to its present owners, the vendors. Of the history much might be written, but turning to the residential quality of the house it may be stated that it is a good example of a seventeenth century home, having some features attributable to an earlier date, with a Queen Anne southern front and an old oak staircase and panelling. It stands well away from the road and is in a good sporting and hunting country. Enough has been said very recently in this page about the military history of the ruins of the castle, but it is not so generally known that the pay rolls are still preserved of the work done at the castle in preparation for a visit by Queen Elizabeth. Men were employed (at 11d. per diem) "mending walls and sellings"; others (at 7d. per diem) with a clerk of the works (at 12d. per diem) "mending the chamber floures, lyming the windowes; repaying of the dores; making forms and trussels; and fixing 23 stirrups of iron for fastening of the princypal beams of the Castell weighing 3 cwt"; and this ironwork was charged 4d. per lb. from Reading, in comparison with which 6d. the foot for new glass for a window in the hall is moderate. "Brikes," a word the spelling of which is hardly phonetic, were only "7s. a 1,000." Every page of the pay roll and schedule of materials is signed by John Stockett, surveyor, T. Fowler, comptroller, Humvre Lovell, mason, and John Collrand, carpenter, and the total bill exceeded £100. The price now to be accepted for the property is extremely low.

ARBITER.